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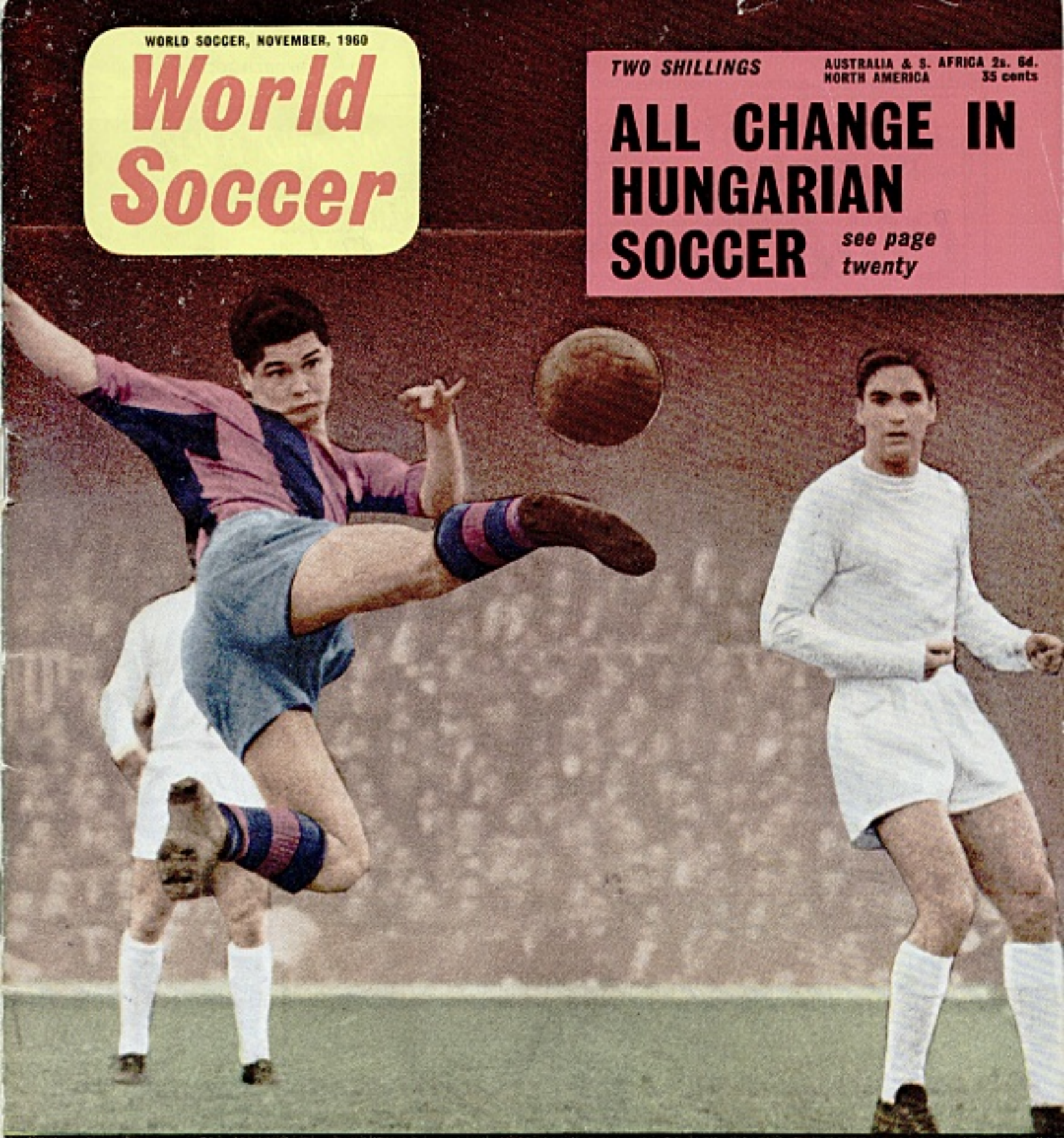

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DESPITE the countless messages of encouragement sent to us by well-wishers from every part of the world, we will be quite honest with you and admit that all of us connected with WORLD SOCCER felt that our first edition left considerable room for improvement. We will be equally frank and tell you that with this number two edition we feel that we have achieved far greater success, editorially, and that we are much nearer to making WORLD SOCCER the perfect international soccer magazine.

* * *

Britain is enthusing about the record breaking league performances of Tottenham Hotspur. Truth to say that "Spurs" have set a truly cracking pace in the English First Division, and they are rightly strong favourites to win that Championship.

Although "Spurs" have set the English scene alight with their classy play, the real test for the London side is yet to come, for on Monday, November 14, they meet Moscow Dynamo at White Hart Lane, London, and then later on, unless hoped for plans fail to materialise, entertain the fabulous Real Madrid at the same venue.

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* * *

Mr. Bill Cox of U.S.A. is quite a character. He flits around the globe as though it were the London Underground — Paris, Rome, London, and then back home several times a year — all in the interests of international soccer.

To the uninformed we will introduce Mr. Cox to you as the brains and driving force behind the U.S. International Soccer League which first saw the light of day last summer.

Mr. Cox plans No. 2 session this coming summer, with proceedings on a far more spectacular scale, and it is true to say that he is the unopposed pioneer of the first big-time soccer in North America.

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(W.B.A. and England)

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This month's front cover . . .

Here is action as only the Spanish League knows how to offer it. League champions Barcelona have a Paraguayan-born centre-forward named Martinez who has earned himself a useful reputation, especially in Europe. That's him performing a complicated scissor-movement, flying kick at the ball on this month's front cover. Martinez holds international caps for both his home country and for Spain.

and the next

West Ham United caused quite a sensation in Great Britain this season when they adopted the 4-2-4 tactical playing formation for their early matches. Next month's four-colour front cover shows Hammers' outside-right Mike Grice prodding out a foot, hoping to foil the efforts of the diving Aston Villa goalkeeper Nigel Sims. Amongst other grand features in next month's edition, World Soccer features The Danny Blanchflower story, Eric Batty makes a general survey of South America.

CORRECTION: On page 22, underneath the photo of Bill Curry, we refer to him as being a Brighton player. This section of WORLD SOCCER was printed prior to the transfer of Curry to Derby County. We apologise to readers for this unavoidably inaccurate information.

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JACK ROLLIN (left) surveys the English League

One of the bright young men now figuring in the English First Division is Aston Villa centre-half TONY MORRALL (seen left doing the 'splits' to foil Spurs' No. 10 Allen). (P.N.I).

Young players galore in the English League sides

ONE of the more pleasing aspects of an otherwise unsettled and far from satisfactory opening two months of the English League season has been the number of teenagers successfully introduced into the Football League by clubs in all Divisions. Soccer, the young man's game, yet for too many years almost the exclusive preserve of the experienced near veteran, is apparently at long last living up to its youthful calling and giving it a much needed shot in the arm.

Quite the boldest move in this direction has been made by the Third Division club Swindon Town, who following the failure of the recognised first team in pre-season trials have regularly fielded seven under-twenties for League duty with seventeen-year-old full backs Terry Woollen and John Trollope outstanding.

Manchester United in spite of showing only brief glimpses of their old magic have made a find in wing half Jimmy Nicholson already a Northern Ireland B International.

At Preston the retirement of Tom Finney has been slightly offset by the promise of two of last season's successful Youth team forwards Alan Spavin and Peter Thompson. Chelsea have blooded former Schoolboy International, Terry Bradbury, at wing half while Manchester City appear to have a useful left-winger in Dave Wagstaffe.

Tottenham Hotspurs know now that they have a ready made deputy for centre forward Bobby Smith in Youth International Frank Saul and Hull City's Chris Chilton has been scoring in consistent fashion.

By far the most disturbing trend in soccer events has been the alarmingly sharp drop in attendances at League matches. This has been obviously due to the increased admission charges, lack of imaginative presentation, inclement weather for the early games and continued loss of interest in the sameness of League football.

Charlton Athletic and Newcastle United have been just notable clubs to suffer drastically at the turnstiles. By the end of the season the total figures seem likely to be on a similar level to those of pre-war days when there were far fewer people in the country.

Tottenham Hotspurs playing scintillating soccer became the first side in League history to win the opening ten matches of a season and newly elected Fourth Division club Peterborough United have proved a great attraction on many grounds and a more than useful addition to the League.

The introduction of tactical plans particularly the 4-2-4 formation has shown the desire to improve the quality of the game. Unfortunately a number of clubs operating such a formation including Bristol Rovers have been forced to abandon the idea when lack of immediate success caused support to dwindle and the clubs had to shelve this, comparatively revolutionary to English clubs at least, progressive move.

West Ham United experienced some erratic success but other leading clubs have continued to use modifications of this system.

The Football Association, the Football League and

scene during the first two months

the Professional Footballers' Association have had their differences, too.

The League, understandably, strive to gain more power; the players' union to improve wages and conditions, while the Football Association continually looks to the future and broadens its outlook. Again clubs and star players have been in open disagreement.

The proposal to Televise Football League matches caused a storm of protest in many quarters and the controversy that followed split the country. However, history was made when part of the Blackpool v. Bolton Wanderers First Division match was Televised on September 10th, the first Football League match to be shown " live ".

The newly instituted and heavily criticised Football League Cup is already under way. November, too, will see the first two rounds of the F.A. Challenge Cup and it will be interesting to see how well these sudden death games which traditionally are well supported, fare at the turnstiles.

The Fourth and Third Division clubs enter at the First Round Proper on November 5th with the survivors of the earlier preliminary rounds. Round Two is on November 26th and the giants of giant-killers will be on their way to Wembley.

Moscow Dynamo visit the country for a three match tour. They meet Sheffield Wednesday at Hillsborough on November 7th, Wolves at Molineux on November 10th and they complete their programme against Spurs on the 14th at White Hart Lane.

All three clubs declined to enter the new League Cup competition in favour of this type of special attraction match. Again the outcome of these games will be viewed with considerable interest.

Last month brought to light a number of disturbing facts which tend to suggest that certain of the English League matches in the past have been 'fixed.'

The Football League set up a commission to enquire into the whole business and it appears that a number of players had been approached by persons unknown to help in fixing results.

The League commission are continuing the probe and will announce their findings at a later date.

Transfer rumours are rife in England. The George Eastham affair (he refused to re-sign for Newcastle) has results in heaps of cuttings on the topic from the national press. Eastham was linked with almost every top club in the country. Then Birmingham City's England 'B' and Under-23 international right-winger caused something of a minor sensation by transferring to Sunderland for £20,000.

Transfer activity during November promises to be the heaviest England have seen for some seasons.

English fans are still talking about Billy Wright's step nearer to what could be the full England team manager's job. He has been appointed manager-coach of the England Youth team for this season. It is the second stage of an apprenticeship with the Football Association which could lead to his getting almost as many honours now as he won during his playing days.

The national press has had an unending wealth of varying material on the game but whether the vast publicity given has had the effect of stimulating interest seems unlikely.

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Maltese champions and Cup holders, Valetta (right). Left to right (Back): Capbonaro; Mackay, Cilia; Schembri, Taylor, Dingwell (coach). (Front): Zammit, Gauci, Bone Azzopardi, Zammit (F.), Borg.

Mad keen soccer island

There's great enthusiasm among Maltese players and the future of the game is assured

says Rem Sacco

HIDDEN away in the middle of the Mediterranean, Malta is a tiny island renowned for the hammering it took in the last war; yet while the football world recognises Csepel, the island in the Danube at Budapest, Maltese football remains a non-entity.

Football was introduced into Malta by British soldiers at the end of the last century, and the oldest of their clubs St. George's F.C. celebrated its 70th anniversary this year.

The Maltese League comprises three divisions, the first and second with eight clubs each and a third division split into two groups of eight. Promotion and relegation are automatic, and while the grassless sun-baked pitches may be far removed from the lush grass found in London or Madrid, players, officials and spectators take the game just as seriously as do their counterparts in other parts of the world.

The F.A. of Malta recently resolved to put the country on the football map. For many years they have been affiliated to the Football Association, but now as the first steps in the rehabilitation programme Malta has been admitted to the FIFA, and the UEFA.

First official international matches were the qualifying games in the 1960 Olympic Tournament against Morocco and Tunisia, and under the guidance of national coach Joe Griffiths were certainly not disgraced.

Valetta F.C., current champions applied for admission to the 1960-61 European Cup competition, but due to the fact that the application was received too late, must wait another year before taking part.

In the field of international friendlies, Malta has for long been a popular touring ground for the best of the European clubs. Napoli, Vojvoidina, Hajduk, Red Star Belgrade, Tottenham Hotspur, Chelsea, Wiener Sportklub and many others have all experienced the hospitality of the island, and did much to increase public interest and raise the standard of performance of players.

The relative success of one of Malta's 'home made' players Joe Cini, has provided yet another incentive to the many young men who play regularly on the island. Cini was noted as a player of promise by the Leyton Orient manager, Alec Stock, when the English club visited Malta and later he travelled to London to join them.

On the other side of the scale lie many problems — most of them financial. Malta is a small island with a population of only 300,000 and quite clearly they can never hope to be a power in the game. Many people believe that the eight-club first division is too large for the potential support, and that it should be reduced to six, and thus perhaps be able to increase the financial rewards to high class players. At present, the maximum that a player can earn is a mere £40 per annum, a laughable sum in reality but the limit to which present resources will go.

The 14-match first division programme is nowhere near sufficient to keep the clubs solvent for a whole year and many other competitions have been introduced. The Malta F.A. Cup is one of the more popular tournaments, for a trophy which was presented by the English F.A. back in 1933, and this together with friendly tours by as many foreign clubs as can be persuaded to visit, enable the top clubs to eke out a bare existence.

The eight clubs who will fight for the championship in the new season are Valetta F.C., Sliema Wanderers, Floriana, Hamrun Spartans, Hibernians, St. George's, Marsa and St. Patrick's. One or two of them will surely be known abroad Floriana particularly after having toured Europe in 1951.

Malta's 1960 Olympic team (below) in light shirts includes on the extreme right, bearded Joe Cini who was with England's Queens Park Rangers last year.

FOCUS ON YUGOSLAVIA

by JIRI GALEROVIC

Young men to watch in the World Cup

The 1960 Olympic champion country can boast of one of the best and certainly the youngest international XI in Europe.

SINCE the end of the last war, the Yugoslavs have produced some remarkable footballers, and on occasions have done extremely well. One factor, an almost unaccountable inability to score goals, has cost them a great many defeats in the past but the present team, slowly being fashioned for the 1962 World Cup, seems quite likely to overcome this deficiency. Producing the 1960 Olympic champions helps to prove this.

Ten years ago they had a world class combination which practically picked itself, just as the England side of the war years did. Inevitably this meant that most of the team came to know each other's game, adapted their own to meet the needs of the team as a whole, and over a period of several years improved after every match.

Fifty times each

The Yugoslav team at around that time contained nine men who represented their country more than fifty times each — Beara, Mitic, Vukas, Stankovic, Horvath, Bobek, Zebec, Boskov, Cajkowski, but after the 1954 World Cup, time, which had once been on their side, now overtook the team and it began to disintegrate.

This is a danger which threatens every team, club or country, and great care must be exercised to ensure that replacements are available and have been well tried, before the stars lose their edge.

If they are allowed to reach retirement *en masse* it suddenly becomes necessary to promote the entire reserve team and, lacking top class experience, they usually fail to make the grade.

Taken five years

This is what happened to the Yugoslavs in the mid-1950s, and it has taken five years to build a new team which now promises to be every bit as good as their predecessors. For five years the few who remained from the old side, Beara, Zebec and Vukas (prior to joining the Italian club Bologna) propped up the team which was constantly switched in an attempt to find a match winning combination in time for the 1958 World Cup. In this they failed, largely due to the old bogey 'shyness in front of goal', but also to some measure, at least, as a result of a severe knee injury to their chief goalgetter, Milos Milutinovic.

Since then they have concentrated on younger players. More and more teenagers have been capped, and those who made the grade have been persevered with. Now in a remarkably short time they have built one of the most attractive combinations to be found anywhere on the continent.

Beara has gone, Zebec is about to go and Kostic, by far the oldest member of the side that took the Russians to extra time in the European Nations Cup final, will surely not be retained for long.

Of the new team several young men appear destined to develop into world class players, left back Jusufi, wing halves Zanetic and Perusic, and Sekularec and Galic in the attack. During the next two years with minor changes, this side can be confidently expected to become one of the

continued overleaf

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1958	Dynamo Zagreb
1959	Red Star, Belgrade
1960	Red Star, Belgrade

BORA KOSTIC (left), Yugoslavia's 30-year-old left winger from Red Star. Twenty-three times capped for his country, he must make way for younger men now.

FOCUS ON YUGOSLAVIA

continued from page 9

strongest contenders for the 1962 World title — Soskic 22, Durkovic 24, Jusufi 21, Zanetic 24, Miladinovic 21, Perusic 23, Knez 23, Jerkovic 23, Galic 21, Sekularec 22, Kostic 30.

Yugoslavia has a population in the region of 16,000,000, and like most of the Balkan people the majority has a passion for football. 120,000 are registered players, headed by some 500 to 600 who are part-time professionals. Every one of them has a job apart from football, from which they earn approximately £20 a month plus bonuses.

The game is organised on a national basis with automatic promotion and relegation throughout the country. The national league consists, at present, of twelve clubs, though this has varied a little from time to time between 10 and 14. Below this premier division is a second flight split into two regional groups of 12 below them four regional groups and so on.

The President Tito Cup, similar to the F.A. cup, is run on exactly the same lines except that every club in the country takes part, with the senior clubs joining the twenty junior clubs at what would be equivalent to the fourth round of our competition. Started in 1946 the series has proved to be far more popular with the Yugoslav fans than has been the case in other central European countries.

Hajduk is the oldest club in the country, and celebrates its fiftieth anniversary this year. Named after the 'pirates' that used to haunt the Adriatic coast around Split where the club has its home, they are by far the most successful of the old clubs in recent years.

The big three are Crvena Zvezda (Red Star), the team of Belgrade University Dynamo Zagreb and Partizan (Belgrade). All were formed in 1945 within two weeks of the end of the German occupation.

Bearing in mind the semi-professional status of the clubs, the gates for league matches are quite good. Unless the weather is exceptionally bad, attendances vary between 10,000 and 20,000, but the big clubs often do much better, and particularly so for local 'derbies' and key championship matches. For this type of match, and for international encounters at all levels, the biggest stadium in the country — the Partizan ground — is often not big enough. Its capacity is 70,000 and is a multi-purpose stadium equipped with floodlighting, but not a scrap of cover anywhere. The only other stadium of note is the home of Dynamo in Zagreb which can accommodate 50,000.

The capital, Belgrade, with almost a million prospective customers to draw on, houses four of the present top flight clubs, Red Star, Partizan, Belgrade SK and Radnicki. The two last named clubs have each had a spell in the second division since the war, but generally speaking Red Star and Partizan usually prove too strong for the provincial clubs. The only exception to this is Dynamo Zagreb who have frequently managed to gain one of the major honours. Last season for example Red Star won the championship, with Dynamo in second place, one point behind, and the latter won the Cup, but the previous season 1958-59, Red Star made a clean sweep and even managed to win the cup twice!

This came about because the Cup competition was postponed in the spring of 1958 in order to allow the national team to prepare for the World Cup, and was played off right at the start of 1958-59. Then followed the championship as usual, and in the spring the cup once more, and Red Star took them all.

The extreme climate of Yugoslavia with winters far colder than in Britain and summers much hotter makes it difficult to fit in the football season. The only solution is to divide the season into two halves — autumn and spring, and then the problem arises of how to keep the players fit during the break from December to February.

The most popular answer is ski-ing, and apart from the coastal regions is universally adopted. Ball practice during the break is obviously limited to gymnasia work but after cross country ski-ing during the winter 90 minutes football is comparatively easy.

The Yugoslav national team is taken care of by two men who are directly responsible to the F.A. Alexandre Tirnanic is solely responsible for the team selection and training is in the hands of Milorad Ciric.

Both are ex-players and Tirnanic had the distinction of playing for his country in the 1930 World Cup.

Between them, these two have complete freedom of action, and it is due to their efforts that the Yugoslavs can now boast of one of the best, and certainly the youngest international XI in Europe.

The Provident Fund of England's League

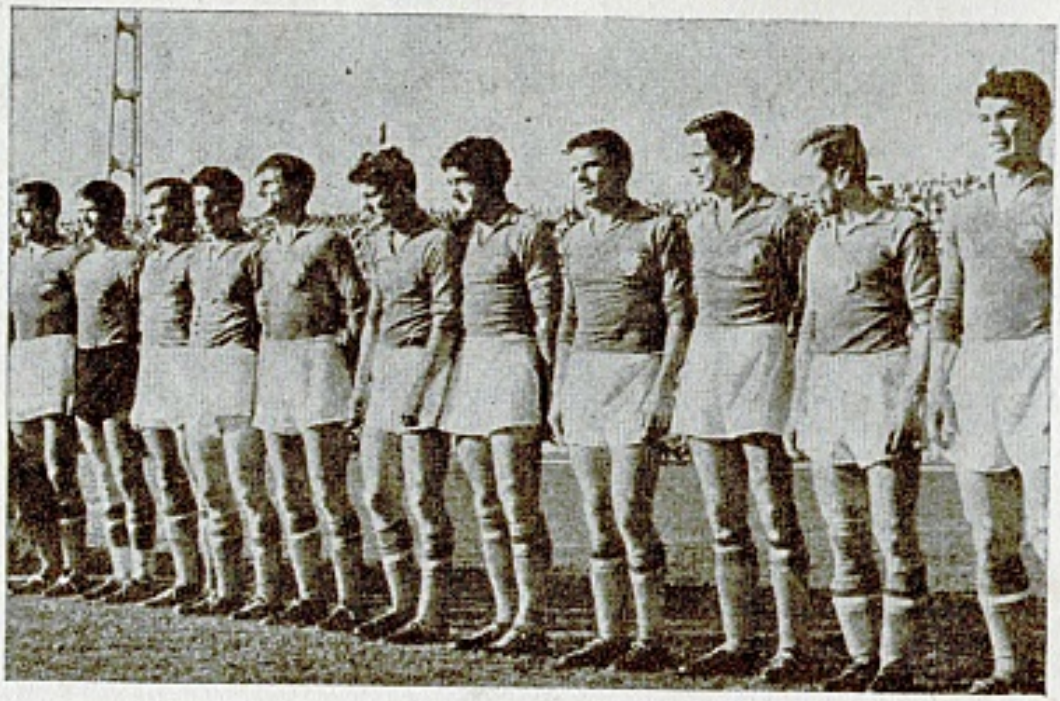
The contribution of £145,812 16s. 0d. paid by the English League is attributed to 3,008 players registered with the English League on the 1st January, 1958, and is based on 8 per cent of their earnings for the year ended 31st December, 1957. Of these 542 were new members of the fund.

The sum of £92,229 7s. 9d. was paid to 287 players on their retirement from the game. During the year four players died and their next-of-kin received a total of £763 8s. 7d. In addition, the League paid a further £384 12s. 0d. to make up to £400 the benefits of members who were registered players at the time of their death.

The trustees hold a balance of £1,491 18s. 0d. in respect of 12 players over 35 years of age who are still playing, but for whom the Assurance Company would not accept any premiums. The Trustees also hold £583 13s. 0d. in respect of 45 players who could not be traced at the date of the Accounts.

The management committee were able to maintain the rate of contribution payable on the 1st January, 1960, at 8 per cent.

THE SLAV TEAM OF LAST MAY



Yugoslavia on parade (right). Left to right: Kostic (23 caps), Sosric (13 caps), Nikolic, Jusufi (14 caps), Durkovic (15 caps), Cebinac, Galic (8 caps), Zanetic (5 caps), Knez (5 caps), Perusic (8 caps), Sekularec (25 caps). This is the team which defeated Portugal last May in the Europe Nations Cup. Yugoslavia lost in the Final to USSR. The Yugoslavian Football Association was formed in 1919 and controls six regional associations comprising a total of close on 55,000 players of semi-amateur status. The country's consistency in the post-war Olympic tournaments prompts our contributor to suggest a glittering run in the 1962 World Cup.

Two maestros of world football get together (above). On the left Blackpool and England's STANLEY MATTHEWS chats with MATT BUSBY (in hat), the astute manager of the Manchester United club. Both are close friends on and off the field. (P.R.I).

MANCHESTER UNITED and THE WOLVES

by JACK ROLLIN

In which the playing records of the two most outstanding English clubs of the post-war era are compared. Uniquely, their experiences are of a similar nature: more identical than many appreciate.

SINCE the war English football has been largely dominated by two clubs, Manchester United and Wolverhampton Wanderers. In spite of the fact that between them they have only won the Championship of the First Division six times and the F.A. Challenge Cup on three occasions, their influence on domestic football and efforts in the field of Continental challenge have made them outstanding in the last fifteen years.

Alike in achievement but individual in method, each can rightly claim to have contributed to the all important issue of prestige raising for England on an international scale. Similarly both clubs have been managed during this period by two of the most outstanding and differing personalities of present day soccer.

Stan Cullis became full manager of Wolves in 1948 after a year as assistant manager and retiring from his active career during which he had played at centre half for the club. Capped for England his leadership qualities came quickly to the fore and he became the youngest player ever to captain an England team. Since then he has earned the reputation of a strict disciplinarian and a man who asks for and usually receives one hundred per cent effort from his playing staff.

This attitude has proved highly successful judged by the results achieved by the Molineux club. Not an indecisive man by nature, his directness has been reflected in the play of his Wolves. The rather loose term given to the type of tactics employed by the Wolves of recent years has been the long ball game.

Matt Busby assumed the managerial role for Manchester United in February 1945, but gained his reputation as a player with Liverpool and Manchester City. A Scot, he too played for his country at wing half. A quiet, well liked man his methods have been no less forceful and equally as effective as his Wolves' counterpart.

At their pre-Munich best, United came nearest to perfection ever achieved by a post-war English side, thanks to the patience and skill of Matt Busby.

In general terms Wolves have been more successful in the past eight years or so while Manchester United have had two purple patches, one in the late forties the other in the mid-fifties.

Whereas Wolves are still at the front of affairs at present, Manchester United are struggling to re-build their team shattered two and a half years ago at Munich.

Each club can be pleased with the wealth of talent it has developed through its own excellent resources. From schoolboy to ground staff, to junior teams and on to the first team has been the pattern of many players' careers at both Molineux and Old Trafford. Further graduation to international status has been the case, too, for Wolves and Manchester United players.

Financially, both clubs are in a healthy state; a tribute to the manner in which they have succeeded in remaining in the forefront of English football.

Accordingly the players have received their share of the profits in benefits allowed for loyal service and there have been few more contented camps in the country than these two. Spectators have not been forgotten either and though Wolves ground is not as

continued overleaf

Manchester United and The Wolves

Continued from previous page

spacious as Old Trafford, a progressive plan for a modern stadium has been turned down by the Wolverhampton local authorities.

The early post war United team was an experienced one and a fine one. They carried off the F.A. Cup in 1948 defeating Blackpool in one of the best Finals ever seen at Wembley. In addition they finished runners-up in the First Division in each of the first three post-war seasons. Fourth place in1949-50 was followed by runners-up again the following season until they succeeded in winning the Championship in 1951-2.

Wolves, though they had a third place in 1946-47, an F.A. Cup success over Leicester City in 1949 and second place in the League the next year, slipped down to sixteenth position the same season that Manchester United won the Championship. This is the lowest position either club has filled since the war.

But Wolves came back to take third, first and second places in the next three seasons. United then took the Championship title in two successive seasons 1955-6 and 1956-7 with a brilliant young side that had the Old Trafford fans comparing it with the more experienced side of the late forties. Wolves in typical fashion emulated the feat of the Red Devils in the two following campaigns.

During the 1956-7 season Manchester United could have had a triple triumph. They managed to win the League but lost to Aston Villa in the Cup Final and were beaten in the European Cup Semi-Final by Real Madrid. The Munich tragedy of February 1958 wrecked Manchester United's team, but sensationally they succeeded in reaching the Cup Final at Wembley only to lose to Bolton Wanderers 2-0 and they had to admit European Cup defeat at the hands of Milan.

Wolves' exploits in the European Cup during the last two years have not been as successful as Manchester United's efforts or even their own thrilling unbeaten displays against top Hungarian and Russian club sides in floodlit friendlies between 1954 and 1958. The men from Molineux are however current F.A. Cup holders.

One of the bright promises of the Wolves' future, right-winger GERARD MANNION (above) who joined the club as an amateur in 1956-57, signing professional November 1957. He is an England Youth and England Under-23 international. (P.N.I).

Though both clubs are renowned for producing their own talent, each has entered the transfer market when it has been necessary to secure the right type of player.

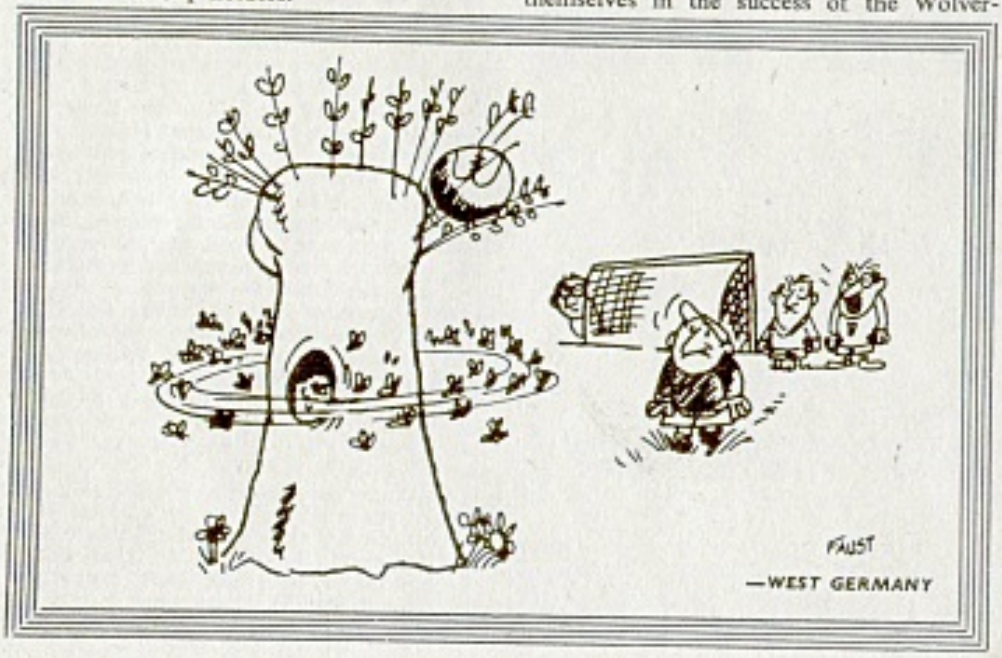
In this respect Manchester United have made more ventures and spent more money. The late Tommy Taylor cost the Old Trafford club £29,999 while two years ago Manchester United paid Sheffield Wednesday £45,000 for Albert Quixall.

Doubtless Molineux supporters pride themselves in the success of the Wolverhampton nursery system, emphasised by the consistency shown by the club's Central League side which has had four Championship titles and has been out of the first four places only twice since the war.

The Red Devils have not fared too well in this sphere in spite of two Central League titles yet in the first five years of the F.A. Youth Cup, they carried the trophy off each time, twice defeating Wolves in the Final for good measure. Then again Wolves recall 1957-8 season when their various teams won every competition they entered for except the F.A. Cup.

Manchester United have had the greater number of internationals and this impressive post war list names: Johnny Aston, John Berry, Warren Bradley, Roger Byrne, Bobby Charlton, Allenby Chilton, Henry Cockburn, Duncan Edwards, Billy Foulkes, Wilf McGuinness, Stan Pearson, David Pegg, Jack Rowley, Tommy Taylor, Dennis Viollet and Ray Wood (all England), Johnny Delaney (Scotland), Jackie Blanchflower, Johnny Carey and Harry Gregg (all Ireland) and Colin Webster (Wales).

Wolves' list is smaller yet contains possibly the greatest English international player of all time, Billy Wright with a record 105 caps: Peter Broadbent, Eddie Clamp, Norman Deeley, Ron Flowers, Johnny Hancocks, Jimmy Mullen, Jesse Pye, Bill Slater, Bert Williams, Dennis Wilshaw and Billy Wright (all England) and Sammy Smyth (Ireland).



WORLD ROUND-UP

FIRST EUROPEAN CUP TIE

NORWAY. Entering the European Cup for the first time, Norway's champions Frederikstad did well to eliminate Ajax of Amsterdam. Only last year Holland beat Norway 7-1 in an international that seemed to indicate that the Norwegian amateurs were well out of their class. Frederikstad's best player was inside forward Per Kristoffersen 17 times an international.

ANOTHER FABULOUS OFFER

SPAIN. Not content with their already impressive list of foreigners, Real Madrid are tempting San Lorenzo (Argentina) with an offer of £60,000 for their star inside left Sanfilippo.

UNKNOWN IS TOP SCORER

RUSSIA. Leading scorer in the Russian league programme was a complete unknown, Gennady Krasnitzky, who plays for Paktahkor (Tashkent). Only 19 years old when the season started Krasnitzky scored 15 goals in 20 matches. National team boss Gavril Katchaline is a very busy man just now. Russia has more than 1½ million players, and he has the job of finding the best 11 for the World Cup. The reorganised league with two groups of 11 teams, and the top three from each group playing off in a final pool is drawing to its close, and Torpedo Moscow are almost certain to be the new champions. In with them in the final pool are three other Moscow clubs: Dynamo, ZDSA and Lokomotive, Dynamo Kiev and Rostov.

BUZANSKY IS NOW A TRAINER

HUNGARY. Jeno Buzansky, right back in the Hungarian wonder team that thrashed England in 1953, has given up playing to take over as trainer with his old club Dorog miners. This leaves seven of the side still in action, Grocics, Lantos, Bozsik and Budai in Hungary, Puskas, Kocsis and Czibor in Spain.

THERE'S A LONG WAY TO GO

GHANA. With only forty clubs to choose their national side from, Ghana are doing very well in the World Cup. The first step on the road to Chile was a tie with Nigeria (who have eight times their population). Ghana saw off their neighbours, without much trouble, but they still have a long way to go. Next stage is to meet the winners of the Tunisia - Morocco tie followed by a match with the Sudan. If they survive all that they join Wales and Spain in the qualifying competition!

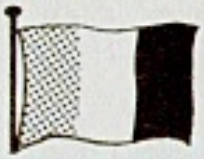
F.A. ARE AT LOGGERHEADS

ARGENTINA. The Argentina F.A. seems to be having trouble making up its mind who should be in charge of their national team. The field has been dominated by only two men for several years now, but they change with alarming frequency. On the one hand Guillermo Stabile, who goes for class and individual skill and on the other Victorio Spinetto whose penchants are fitness and strictly adhered to tactics. Between the two, the F.A. can ruin any chance they might have in the next World Cup.

SWISS SAY YES TO T.V.

SWITZERLAND. The Swiss national league has agreed to allow championship matches to be shown on television if the pools are prepared to cover any loss of gate receipts. Following the lead set by clubs in other countries, the league has asked the F.A. to limit the number of internationals per season to FIVE, and to play them all in midweek!

HERERRA IS CALLED H.2.



ITALY. Italian league referees are forced to retire when they reach 45 (internationals are allowed 3 extra years). Which match they will control is not known each week until Saturday morning, and then often it is necessary to fly to their game. Any inconvenience is made up for, however, by a £12 per match fee and £5 per day travelling expenses. Another innovation is that referees always operate with the same two linesmen which obviously helps to clear many possible misunderstandings. Helenio Hererra, Inter's new manager has been re-christened by Italian journalists. H.H. in Spain, he is now known as H.2.

U.S. INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE

UNITED STATES. The U.S. International Soccer League is definitely continuing. President Mr. William D. Cox told "World Round-up" that he is extending the number of entries from twelve to sixteen for the second tournament next summer. For the first time, a Spanish and, possibly, a Turkish club will take part. Also, New York will field a team made up of Britons, French, Portuguese and Italians.

Below are three members of the Canadian representative side which toured Russia and Britain last month. Left to right: John Woods, Graziano Granzon and Bill Nicol. Inside-forward Woods was formerly with Glasgow Rangers and Hamilton. Franzon was a professional with Venezia in the Italian Division II, while Nicol is a native Canadian from Vancouver.

This is the right way to deal with the high lobs in the goalmouth and showing us this copybook version of the diving grasp is Yarza, goalkeeper of the Spanish League club Zaragoza. Little wonder Spanish goalkeepers are difficult to pass.

MR

WHILE most football managers spend their lives trying to build a good team and meeting with all kinds of frustrations—others fall slap into an ideal situation.

The new Barcelona manager Ljubisa Brocic is one of the latter, and with just a little more luck his name will soon be as well-known as Gustav Sebes or Walter Winterbottom.

Yugoslav-born, Mr. Brocic was in Holland last season with PSV Eindhoven and was probably as surprised as anyone else when he found himself with the plum job in charge of CF Barcelona. From the obscure, part time soccer of Holland, to World class is quite a step, but to ease his path for him, he has the services of some of the world's finest players.

The biggest problem is who to leave out of his first team attack from this star studded list of international forwards: Kubala, Kocsis, Csibor (all Hungary), Evaristo (Brazil), Villaverde (Uruguay), Loayza (Peru), Martinez (Paraguay), Suarez and Tejada (Spain).

If the boss guesses wrong, he may be lucky, but on the other hand he may lose his job for the club have made it quite clear that they want the Cup and League in Spain, and the European Cup or else . . . .

The Friendship Cup

For many years now French football has been in financial trouble, and quite a few of their well-known clubs have been struggling along on or around the bread line.

Bearing this in mind it is impossible to understand why the Anglo-Scottish-French friendship Cup ever came into

The top six clubs of some of the world's top footballing

ARGENTINA

	Pld.	Pts.
Independiente	19	27
Argentinos Juniors	19	26
Racing (B.A.)	19	26
Boca Juniors	19	26
Huracan	19	25
River Plate	19	20

AUSTRIA

	Pld.	Pts.
FK Austria	5	8
SC Rapid	5	8
Wiener AC	5	7
Linz ASK	5	7
Schwechat	5	7
Neustadt	5	6

BELGIUM

	Pld.	Pts.
FC Liege	4	8
Daring CB	4	8
Standard Liege	4	7
SC Anderlecht	4	5
Eendr. Alost	4	5
Waterschei	4	4

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

	Pld.	Pts.
Dukla Prague	7	12
Red Star Bratislava	7	11
Spartak Trnava	7	9
SONP Kladno	7	9
Banik Ostrava	7	8
Spartak Hradec Kralove	7	6

FRANCE

	Pld.	Pts.
AS Monaco	5	10
Racing Paris	6	10
Rennes	7	9
Sedan	7	8
OGC Nice	6	8
Lyon	7	8

HOLLAND

	Pld.	Pts.
Feijenoord	5	8
VV Venlo	5	7
GVAV	5	7
Sparta	5	7
Enschede	5	7
Ajax	5	6

WEST GERMANY (South)

	Pld.	Pts.
1st FC Nurnberg	6	12
Karlsruher SC	7	10
Kickers Offenbach	7	10
FSV Frankfurt	6	8
VfB Stuttgart	7	8
Bayern Munchen	7	8

WEST GERMANY (West)

	Pld.	Pts.
1st FC Koln	7	13
Westfalia Herne	7	11
SV Sodingen	7	9
Borussia Dortmund	6	8
Alemannia Aachen	7	8
Rot Weiss Oberhausen	7	8

Classified International Results Details

AUGUST 14

Denmark (1) **2** (Neilson (H) 2)
Finland (1) **1** (Jensen o.g.)

Denmark: From; Anderson, Jensen; Hansen (B), Nielsen (H.C.), Nielsen (F); Hansen (J), Troelsen, Nielsen (H), Enoksen, Soerensen.
Finland: Orn; Javala, Haahti; Nevalainen, Lehtinen, Heinonen; Kankkonen, Hyvarinen, Osterlund, Pahlmann, Peltonen.

AUGUST 17

Argentina (3) **4** (Sanfilippo 3, Gimenez)
Uruguay (0) **0**

Argentina: Roma; Simeone, Navarro; Guidi, Ramacioti, Scheneider; Corbata, Rossi (O), Gimenez, Sanfilippo, Belem.
Uruguay: Maidana; Pino, Troche; Gonzalvez, Mesias; Perez, Bergara, Guaglanone, Rodriguez, Escalada.

AUGUST 21

E. Germany (0) **0**
Russia (0) **1** (Ponedelnik)

E. Germany: Spickenagel; Kalinke, Krampe; Fischer, Heine, Muhlbacher, Muller, Meyer, Lindner, Erler, Klinghiel.
Russia: Tachin; Tschocheli, Petrov; Woinov, Netto, Manoschin; Metreveli, Ivanov (V), Ponedelnik, Chusainov, Apuktin.

AUGUST 28

Norway (3) **6**
(Backe 2, Jensen 2, Berg, Dybwad)

Each month, this magazine will publish the full details of all the big games played up to the latest date prior to publication.

Finland (1) **3** (Pahlmann 2, Peltonen)

Norway: Hansen; Bakker, Larsen; Natland, Svensson, Lagerness; Borgen, Jensen, Backe, Dybwad, Berg.
Finland: Orn; Javala, Haahti; Heinonen, Lehtinen, Holmquist; Kankkonen, Hyvarinen, Osterland, Pahlmann, Peltonen.

SEPTEMBER 4

Austria (0) **3**
Russia (1) **1**

Austria: Schmied; Hasenkopf, Swoboda; Hanappi, Giechner, Koller; Kozlicek II, Flogl, Hof, Hameri, Skerlan.
Russia: Yachin; Tscocheli, Petrov; Woinov, Netto, Manoschin; Metreveli, Babukin, Ponedelnik, Chusainov, Lobanowski.

SEPTEMBER 21

England Under-23 (1) **5**
(Baker, Charlton 2, Moore, Paine)
Vejle (Denmark) (1) **1** (Enoksen)

England: Banks (Leicester); Angus (Burnley), McNeil (Middlesbrough); Barber (Barnsley), Labone (Everton), Moore (West Ham); Paine (Southampton), Hill Bolton), Baker (Hibernian), Burnside (WBA), Charlton (Man. United).
Vejle: Soerensen (E); Johansen, Jensen; Soerensen (K), Petersen, Poulsen; Andersen, Hansen, Thomsen, Enoksen, Meyer.

SEPTEMBER 25

World Cup qualifier

Finland (1) **1** (Pahlmann)
France (0) **2** (Wisnieski, Ujlaki)

Finland: Nabb; Jalava, Nieminen; Heinonen, Valtonen, Holmquist; Rytkonen, Navalainen, Rykberg, Pahlmann, Peltonen.
France: Colonna; Wendling, Rodzik; Biancheri, Kaelbel, Ferrier; Wisnieski, Ujlaki, Heutte, Guillas, Vincent.

SEPTEMBER 28

Eire (1) **2** (Fagan 2)
Wales (1) **3** (Jones 2, Woosnam)

Eire: Dwyer (Swansea); Kelly (Wolves), O'Neill (Preston); McGrath (Blackburn), Hurley (Sunderland, Saward (Aston Villa); Fagan (Derby), Giles (Man. United), Fitzgerald (Leeds); Peyton (Leeds), Haverty (Arsenal).
Wales: Vearncombe (Cardiff); Williams (S) (WBA), Williams (G) (WBA); Crowe (Aston Villa), Nurse (Swansea), Baker (Cardiff); Medwin (Spurs), Woosnam (West Ham), Moore (Cardiff), Vernon (Everton), Jones (Spurs).

BROCIC IS VERY LUCKY

being, for the main idea was to boost the finances of the British contestants.

At present both teams take a half share in the gates and this means that many clubs have gone to France (and received little more than their expenses) and then had to hand over a thousand pounds or more after the return match in Britain.

Clearly the financial arrangements will be reviewed or the competition will cease to exist. Even little countries like Holland and Belgium are better able to attract spectators to their football matches than the French, as is shown by the following figures all applying to the first division of each country on the same day.

	Average	Highest	Lowest	Total for Div.
Belgium	13,500	22,000	5,000	108,000
Holland	14,000	25,000	10,000	125,000
West Germany	10,000	25,000	1,600	303,000
France	7,900	14,300	5,500	55,500

It will clearly be obvious that Real Madrid or Tottenham Hotspurs can pull more fans to one match than can the entire French first division. On the particular day chosen three French matches were cancelled but the above figures are far from being misleading.

Perhaps the most comfortable of all the clubs in France are the champions Reims. They have the good fortune to have one of

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM
Edited by ERIC BATTY

the big Champagne producers as their Chairman, M. Henri Germain, and with his support they are able to think big. Even so they are not without their problems for while the big names at Reims, Kopa, Fontaine, Piantoni and Co. are all well paid, the reserves are pretty well amateurs.

At one stage last season, with half the first team injured they went through a very bad period through being forced to field teams which included five or six amateurs.

The France - Finland match at Helsinki was the first of the World Cup qualifying matches that involved European sides.

France, lacking the services of Kopa and Fontaine can count themselves fortunate to escape with both points after a disappointing match.

Only fifteen thousand people spread themselves around the Olympic stadium to see the match which burst into life only after the referee had given the home side a disputed penalty. Reims right back Wendling went down in the goalmouth after tackling the Finn's inside left Pahlman, whose shot rebounded from the crossbar and landed on the full back's arm!

More than an hour had gone before France drew level through Wisnieski, and then with only seven minutes left for play, Hungarian born inside right Ujlaki got the winner.

The measure of France's achievement can be gauged from the fact that in their previous ten international matches Finland suffered nine defeats and only one victory (3-2 at home to East Germany).

countries as they stood up to and including September 24

WEST GERMANY (S. West)

	Pld.	Pts.
VfR Frankenthal	7	10
Bor. Neuenkirchen	6	9
FK Pirmasens	7	9
1st FC Saarbrucken	6	8
SC Ludwigshafen	7	8
Spfr Saarbrucken	6	7

WEST GERMANY (North)

	Pld.	Pts.
Hamburger SV	6	12
Hannover 96	7	12
FC St Pauli	7	12
VfV Hildesheim	7	9
VfB Oldenburg	7	9
Werder Bremen	7	9

HUNGARY

	Pld.	Pts.
Ujpest Dozsa	6	9
Ferencvaros	6	9
Salgotarjan	6	9
MTK	6	8
Szeged	6	8
Vasas	6	7

LUXEMBOURG

	Pld.	Pts.
Jeunesse Esch	6	12
Union Luxembourg	6	10
Grevenmacher	6	9
Spora	6	8
Stade Dudelange	6	6
Fola Esch	6	6

POLAND

	Pld.	Pts.
Legia Warsaw	16	23
Ruch Chorzov	16	20
Budolan Opole	16	18
Gornik Zabrze	16	18
Bydgoszcz	16	18
Polonia Bytom	16	17

SPAIN

	Pld.	Pts.
CF Barcelona	3	6
Valencia	3	4
Espanol	3	4
Santander	3	4
Real Madrid	3	4
Atletico Madrid	3	4

SWITZERLAND

	Pld.	Pts.
Servette	6	12
Zurich FC	6	9
Chaux de Fonds	6	8
Young Boys Berne	6	8
Young Fellows Zurich	6	8
FC Basle	6	8

URUGUAY

	Pld.	Pts.
Penarol	4	7
Nacional	4	7
Cerro	4	7
Wanderers	4	6
Rampla Juniors	4	5
Defensor	4	5

Europe's supremacy is no surprise to me

FOLLOWING recent convincing performances by Real Madrid, and especially the tremendous T.V. games against Eintracht Frankfurt and Penarol, any hopeful or obstinate folk who had conveniently forgotten the lessons given us at Wembley by the Hungarians, were finally convinced that British football was not so good. Actually of course the rising supremacy of the European and Latin countries has been showing and coming for years, but too many people—and some who should have been the most perturbed, preferred to turn a blind eye.

by ARTHUR ROWE

The Crystal Palace manager, who, before the war spent some time in Hungary, speaks with authority

These forthright views of Arthur Rowe were made known to Eric Batty in a special interview for this magazine.

'I think it will be enough at present for English clubs to try and absorb the lessons offered by the first class continental sides'

Going back, there have been many practical demonstrations of overseas progress long before Real Madrid, and before the Hungarians of 1953 too! Soon after the war, in 1949 the international match agains Italy at Tottenham saw us take a real lesson in the playing of the game, but as we scrambled a desperately lucky 2-0 victory, we smugly hibernated once more, and wrote off the Italians as 'ballet dancing footballers'.

We had also the period when the Austrians enjoyed supremacy with great players like Ocwirk, Stojaspal, Hanappi, and Melchior. Around 1950 they had a very fine team and clearly demonstrated the rising power of the continentals.

There is no doubt in my mind that the foundations, upon which recent continental victories were built, were laid well before the war, and there were indications of what was to come back in the 1930's. My own brief experience in Budapest in the summer of 1939 left a very vivid and certain impression that the Hungarians, at least, were players—real players, of high ability or 'technique' as they termed it .

I count myself extremely fortunate in being given the opportunity to spend quite a long time in pre war Hungary, and while I went there as a coach I feel that I learnt at least as much from them, as I was able to teach them.

How the trip came to be arranged is an interesting story in itself. A young Hungarian journalist called Lazslo Feleki came to London to study our football and established himself in lodgings close to the Arsenal stadium at Highbury. He practically lived with the Arsenal for a year, and every day wrote a column on what they were doing for his Budapest paper. His reports aroused so much interest that the Hungarian Football Association asked Sir Stanley Rous to arrange for someone to visit Hungary.

Initially it was arranged that the Arsenal centre forward Jack Lambert would undertake the trip, but almost at the last moment he was forced to cry off, and I was asked to take his place.

In Budapest my coaching was largely with youth groups, with Hungarian coaches in the role of onlookers. My main purpose was to introduce them to English methods and everywhere I went I was enthusiastically received. The only team coaching that I did was with the players selected to represent Budapest Universities in their forthcoming European international tournament, and the hours that I was with them were among the happiest of the entire trip.

In my free time I was able to watch the big clubs in training and also saw a great many of their club matches. In those days Ujpest, Ferencvaros and Hungaria were the leading sides and between them they had many fine players.

The individual standard was incredibly high everywhere I went, but the two that impressed me most were Hungary's international forwards Sarosi and Zsengeller. The latter figured at inside left in the Rest of Europe team that were beaten 3-0 by England at Highbury in 1938, and was a really great player.

Zsengeller was so pigeon-toed that it would have been almost impossible for him to play the ball with the inside of the foot, yet his ability with the ball, achieved after many long hours of practice was truly amazing.

In those care-free pre-war days the Hungarian people that I came into contact with were happy, friendly, apparently prosperous, and intensely interested in the game. Many youngsters were more than content to spend hours playing with the ball in order to perfect their technique, and to my mind the great Hungarian side of 1953-54 was in no way superior, individually, than some of their predecessors. Certainly, Sarosi and Zsengeller would live comfortably in the company of Puskas and Kocsis.

My impression, prior to the war was that the Hungarians would certainly rise to the highest class if they could gear their basic skill to greater determination to win matches, for at that time, it seemed, they were content to play merely for personal satisfaction. In the post war years, under the auspices of their communist government anxious for international successes they adopted a methodical and purposeful system of training that gave a greater effect to their natural ball play. Whilst the circumstances could have been happier for the Hungarian people as a whole, there can be no doubt that their football benefitted enormously.

Right now, the Hungarians are regrouping and rebuilding their national side. Players of the Puskas, Kocsis, Hidegkuti class cannot be replaced easily, as we have found in England where players of the Lawton, Ramsey, Wright and Matthews calibre appear irreplaceable.

Only a few weeks ago I was able to find time to visit Lilleshall and attend a lecture by Gustav Sebes, the team manager of the Hungarian side at the time of their successes. Without doubt he is an expert coach; indeed, I would say that he is a great man: simple, sincere, without pose or affectation, and Hungarian football must surely reflect his personality. He understands the game almost intuitively, and more important, he is able to put his thoughts in simple terms, and convey them to others.

It may be that our game needs a stimulant, but I think it will be enough at present if we try and absorb the lessons offered by the first class continental sides.

I feel strongly, that no obstacles should be 'found' to prevent our players, clubs and spectators alike, from seeing the football of other countries, yet there is an old and certain saying 'There are none so blind, as those who do not wish to see' . . . but there are those who *do* wish to see, and this is a privilege that should not be discouraged.

THE BOBBY CHARLTON MYSTERY

by GRAHAM PAYNE
(the Editor of 'Soccer Star Weekly')

He is still capable of putting in a brilliant performance one day, and a disappointing one the next

BOBBY CHARLTON, the Manchester United and England international forward, is something of an enigma.

Easily the most popular personality among the more youthful of Britain's soccer public, he is also, to all intents, the most potential forward England has had since the war. And yet this second son of a coal-miner, can explode and expire at irregular intervals like damp touchpaper.

I have seen him wear the mantle of greatness as if it were made-to-measure; with his greyhound speed and his kicks like Freddie Trueman deliveries. Days later, however, this same resilient youth had sadly lost his touch and, despite opportunist goals, had acted more as a brake on the forward line, taking up positions which have crowded his team-mates.

Such a Jekyll and Hyde existence has been a problem not only to Charlton himself, but also to the selectors.

He burst upon the international scene on a wave of publicity and sympathy following the Munich tragedy. He was the first survivor to return to the United team and became, inevitably, the keystone of the Murphy Marvels.

At a time when solid consistency in the England side was of paramount importance — because Munich had ripped apart a combination which could be fairly described as verging on greatness — the selectors chose Charlton for the international against Scotland in April 1958.

Was this a wise decision considering the young player had not long managed to command anything like regular senior service with his own League club?

That he was potential international material, no-one doubted, least of all United manager Matt Busby. Yet Busby, I feel, would never have hurled the modest young man into the rigours of such an historic old fixture. Busby is the advocator of patient grooming: of graduation and extended trial until the rose has fully blossomed.

Unwilling hero

There was no time for this in Charlton's case. The after events of a tragedy had made him an unwilling national sporting hero. Banner headlines proclaimed him the ready-made answer to the England problem and without the formality of an Under-23 test, he went straight into the full national side.

With the rebuilt Red Devils, Charlton had shown himself essentially to be a drifter who waited relentlessly for the opportunity upon which he pounced hungrily. The selectors considered that this type of specialisation would be enough.

Charlton's international debut gave the students of football plenty to dissect. At Hampden Park, before 130,000 — easily the biggest number he has played to at that time — Charlton seemed to enjoy himself in such expert company. Nevertheless, it is not ungenerous to say that despite his obvious enthusiasm and skill, his contribution to the overall performance was not outstanding.

Then, in what has since tended to become typical Charlton opportunism, he proceeded to score a goal the like of which has rarely been seen before at the ancient Scottish stadium.

Eleven minutes of the second half had passed, and England were two goals to nil in the lead. Finney rushed down the left wing and sent over a firm ball some three feet off the ground. Charlton, apparently, was in no position to get to it to any useful purpose; but with all the eagerness of a new cap, he leapt towards the ball, swinging hard at it before it had reached the grass.

It was a volley with all the aplomb of Lew Hoad and it was placed to the side and behind of a motionless Tommy Younger in a manner which suggested it was pre-considered; which it could not possibly have been in the circumstances.

But it was enough to 'give' Charlton the match. If ever that international is remembered, it will not be so much for the fact that England's 4-0 victory was their biggest at Hampden for 70 years, but rather because of the 'goal of the year' by Charlton.

The Charlton enigma was beginning to assert itself, although at the time few of us could possibly have foreseen the pattern of the immediate future.

Above average

Here was a remarkable and undeniably above average young player upon whose shoulders had fallen a sudden dual responsibility: that of revivalist for both post-Munich Manchester United and England. With United it mattered less whether he was consistently brilliant; the fact that he was there amid the sentimental fervour was enough; but his role as an England forward was, by necessity, much more exacting. For one thing he was more critically observed.

Whether or not you would agree with the view that Charlton was capped before he was ready — the fact that he required a forward-line of a different type to that which England possessed, is more readily appreciated.

Nevertheless, on the strength of his undoubted promise, he was rightly given another chance in the following international against Portugal. Again, his performance was tantalisingly indecisive. He scored both England goals but was uninspiring. Paradoxical that may sound; but those who saw the game will bear with me in my feeling at the time that this brilliant young man was blossoming in the wrong direction.

His usefulness apart from being on hand to ram home the opportunities, was dubious. He appeared quite incompatible with Haynes and Kevan.

In fairness, at this stage, one should make it clear that this was a period in England's history when the whole of the forward-line was at loggerheads anyway.

England manager Walter Winterbottom was faced with the unenviable task of moulding together in double-quick time a useful combination in readiness for the forthcoming World Cup in Sweden.

The deaths of United's Byrne, Taylor and

continued overleaf

The face of Bobby Charlton (above), young man who has had many unique experiences in his still short professional career. (P.R.I.).

subsequently Edwards, was proving to be an irreparable loss. With this three, England had done enough to become respected and indeed feared in some quarters. Without these three men, the awful truth that the country lacked adequate replacements was made painfully apparent.

However, the Douglas, Charlton, Kevan, Haynes and Finney line did sufficient to bring victories over Scotland and Portugal in the two post-Munich internationals, so it was given another hearing against Yugoslavia in Belgrade on May 11. Alas, it was to be a false security.

Belgrade was revelling in a heat-wave and, ninety minutes after the kick-off, had something else to revel in: they had won 5-0 in what was England's poorest international display since Hungary had won 7-1 in Budapest four years earlier. How the hearts of all England must have palpitated. There was but one remaining test prior to the World Cup finals: a game against Russia, whom England had never before met on such a level.

It was obvious that heads would have to roll following the Belgrade humiliation. For the Moscow match, Mr. Winterbottom scored a pencil line through Hopkinson, Langley, Clayton — and Charlton.

This was an emotional period in Charlton's brief senior career. Not only did he miss the Russia game, but he was not called upon throughout the entire World Cup tournament, to the accompaniment of immense publicity. All of this heightened the 'mystery' which surrounded his form.

But without him, England lacked something. They did not win one of their World Cup ties and were as far from solving the forward-line problem as ever.

Consider the position. England's existing five forwards were incompatible. Though their cohesion was no stronger with the inclusion of Charlton, at least when he did play, he was able to 'turn the tide' with an opportunist goal or two.

Bobby Charlton Mystery

He arrived at a period when England's forwards were at loggerheads . . .

(continued from previous page)

The public and the press were shrieking for his return. 'Build the future around this United cracker-jack' said the headlines of the popular press.

So Charlton returned. On trial. For the first international of the 1958-59 campaign, he displaced Kevan at centre - forward against Northern Ireland in Belfast during October — and scored two goals in the 3-3 deadlock. Later that month, against Russia at Wembley, Charlton was inside-right, and scored a goal in England's 5-0 victory. He was down at inside-left in the next game against Wales and although he failed to find the net on that occasion, did enough to suggest that he had passed his do-or-die ordeal with honour.

Spells at centre-forward followed, then he was groomed on the left wing by both club and country.

He looks to have settled there and I cannot see the selectors omitting him at any time in the immediate future, unless, of course, injury prevents his playing.

He is still capable of putting in a brilliant performance one day, and then a disappointing one the next; but there is a subtle difference now. Charlton is no longer an inexperienced youth thrust into the limelight. Indeed, he has experienced much more and in a shorter space of time than many of the world's leading players. And he is none the worse for his ordeal.

He has proved himself big enough for the task to hand. He *is* ready for a prolonged stay in the international team.

This modest lad who prefers to shun publicity, has done no more than follow the call. Whether or not you consider he was too inexperienced during his early international career, the fact remains he was selected and duly reported, playing as best he knew.

It was nearly his undoing: this acceleration into the big time. He was given no time for normal progress, and too many young men have come under the axe permanently as a result of such untimely responsibility.

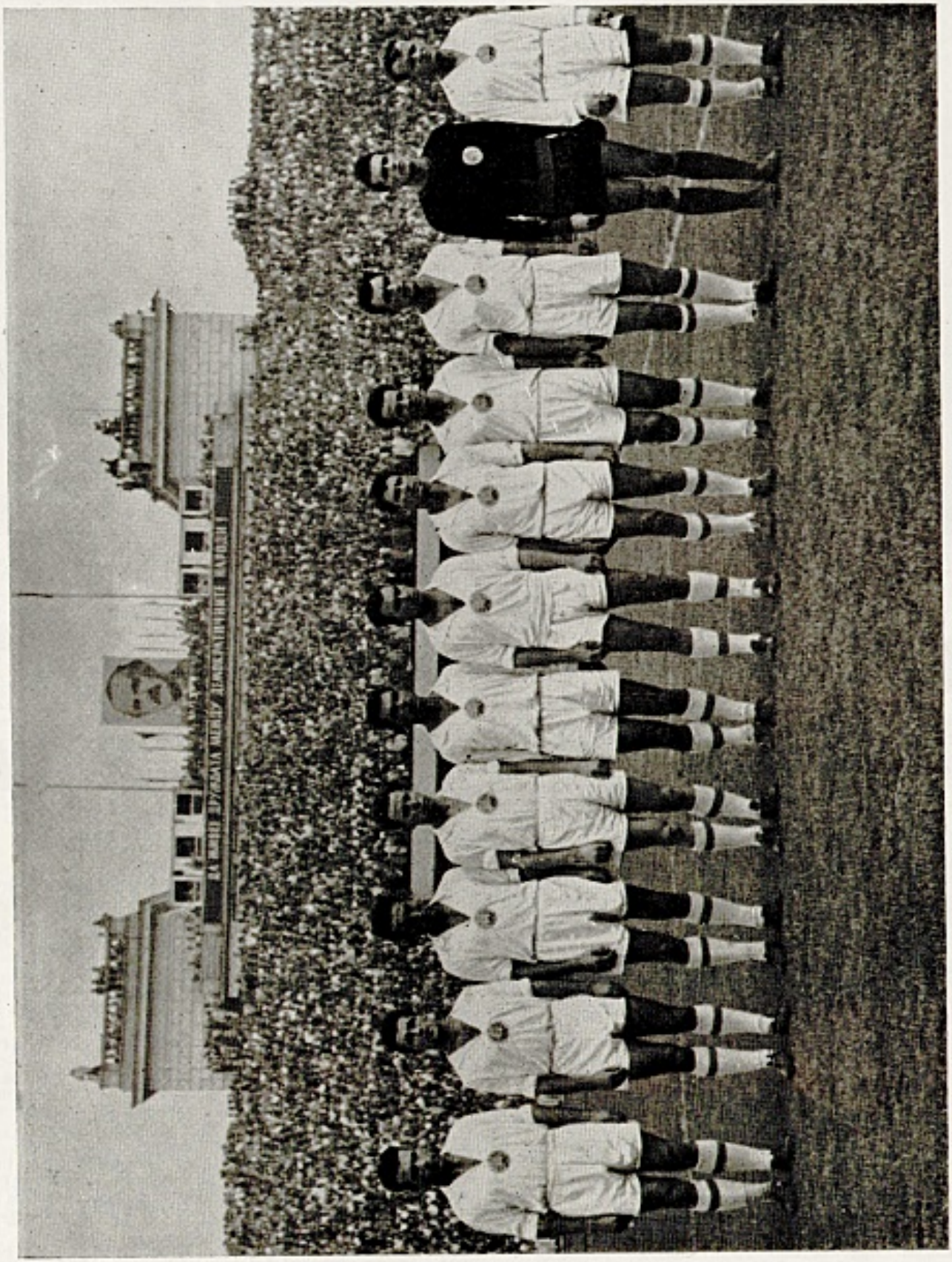
But Charlton — enigmatical or otherwise — is the young man whom the England selectors could not afford to dismiss. Perhaps he is the keystone around which the future lies.

If ever he finds himself in this trusting position, he will accept it and do his best: as he has always done. ●

Charlton is no longer an inexperienced youth thrust into the limelight. Indeed, he has experienced much more and in a shorter space of time than many of the world's leading players.

(Below left): Charlton shows his prowess at Old Trafford as a goalkeeper. (P.R.I.).

C.D.N.A. SOFIA (Bulgaria)



C.D.N.A. SOFIA: Left to right: Milanov, Kolev, Kovatshev, Dimitrov, Rakarov, Panayotov, Manalov, Goranov, Diev, Yossitov, Doctor Boshkov.

Honved Coach Gyorgy Babolcsai has a word with Bozsik, Tichy, Farago and Kotasz (left to right) before a match at the People's Stadium. He keeps his job, but Sebes takes over as manager.

ALL CHANGE IN HUNGARIAN SOCCER

by RUDOLPH MAYNARD

THE 1960-61 Hungarian soccer season got away to an unusually early start this year. The objective was to allow the suspension of the league programme during the period of the Olympics, in fairness to clubs like Ferencvaros who were called upon to release several of their best players.

During the off season there was a considerable re-shuffle of managers and trainers, and, strangely enough, the reigning champions Ujpest Dozsa have lost both their top administrators, team manager Gusztav Sebes and coach Gyula Szucs. Ujpest's new men are Bela Konkoly and Laszlo Fenyvesi.

Another club suffering from a double switch is Csepel, although this is perhaps not so surprising, for while Ujpest won the championship, Csepel finished third from bottom and only just avoided relegation. Sandor Deveeseri is their new manager and working under him as coach will be Istvan Szalay.

Honved, who have yet to recover from the tremendous blow they received when Kocsis, Puskas and Czibor left them all at once, have engaged Gusztav Sebes as their new manager, and clearly hope that he will be able to rebuild the side. There are many fine coaches in Hungary but if anyone can restore some of the lost glamour to Honved then it will surely be Mr. Sebes.

Altogether four of the fourteen first division clubs have engaged new managers and five of them have new coaches. All this shuffling around has caused some concern in Budapest. The leading Hungarian newspaper Nepszabadsag drew attention to what they regard as a dangerous trend in a recent article headed 'On what grounds?' "In the past" (said Nepszabadsag), "it could sometimes be excused that a coach should be dismissed after his team had put up a bad performance, but there is no previous example of a coach parting company with a team which has just won the championship.

"It is especially strange that neither the old coach nor the team manager is staying on with Ujpest Dosza, and while we do not know whether the fault lies with the coaches or with the club leaders, it is certain that something is not right.

"This is a symptom which is not at all good for Hungarian football, and the Football Association should look into this whole matter. We do not suggest that in reasonable cases a coach should not be able to change clubs but there can be no sense in players coming under a different master year after year."

Clearly this is a matter which will cause the administrators of the Hungarian game some concern, but there are two other factors that will affect the attempt to regain their former stature.

In addition to the managers and coaches that have changed clubs quite a few others have joined the tremendous list of coaches working beyond the borders of the country. Marton Bukovi, manager of last season's runners up Ferencvaros has joined Dinamo (Zagreb) on a two year contract; and the Szeged FC coach Janos Gyarmati has moved to East Germany where he now controls the fortunes of Dynamo Berlin.

Top class coaches like Gyula Mandl (Turkey), Gyorgy Orth (Peru) have been abroad for many years now, and there is no sign that the trend has begun to work the other way.

Another vitally important factor that it has been calculated will retard the rehabilitation of Hungarian football for at least ten years, is the fact that during the troubles of 1956 more than 50,000 young boys between the ages of 15 and 18 lost their lives.

JEAN DUPRAY spotlights

JUST FONTAINE

WHEN Raymond Kopa left Reims to join Real Madrid during the summer of 1956 the champagne club were faced with a tremendous problem. Where could they possibly find an adequate replacement? With more than £40,000 in the bank — their share of the Kopa transfer fee, they had quite enough to buy the best that could be found in France, but the market was limited, and centre forwards particularly rare.

Reims final choice was a young man called Just Fontaine, whom OGC Nice released in exchange for a cheque for 12 million francs.

Fontaine was born in Marrakech, (Morocco) on 18th August, 1933, and served a brief apprenticeship with USN Casablanca before joining OGC Nice in 1953. With his new club Fontaine was soon in the limelight, helped himself to 17 league goals in his first season of top class football, and won a French FA Cup winners medal.

With Nice, Fontaine was in the company of some of the finest players in France and there can be no doubt that the presence of Luis Carniglia (later to coach Real Madrid), Argentinian Ruben Bravo, and the Hungarian Ujlaki, played an important part in the rapid progress he made. Despite his early progress Fontaine was completely out of touch during the campaign of 1955-56. Nice won the championship, but Fontaine was in and out of the side, unable to find his instinct for the scoring chance, and finished the season with only six goals to his credit.

When Reims made their offer for his transfer, Nice must have felt that Fontaine had failed to justify his early promise. Otherwise, with the European Cup before them, it is difficult to understand why they let him go, and certainly had they been aware that he would develop into the most efficient goalgetting machine that French football has ever known, they would have demanded far more than the £12,000 he cost Reims.

With his new club, Fontaine faced an extremely difficult task in following in the footsteps of Kopa, yet, while it would be untrue to say that the Reims supporters didn't miss their erstwhile favourite, the new man began to gather goals so fast that the many complaints were abruptly cut short.

In style the two men were completely different. Kopa, short, and clever with the ball led the Reims attack from the rear, withdrawing into midfield to scheme the openings and leaving the goalscoring to the inside men Bliard and Glovacki. Fontaine on the other hand was one of the old spearhead school, lying well upfield while the inside men did the graft, and continually seeking the opportunity to bring his goalscoring abilities into the game.

In four seasons with Reims, Fontaine has scored 116 goals in league matches and almost as many more in international, cup and friendly games. As always with prominent marksmen the attention he has attracted from opposing defences has resulted in him receiving more than his share of hard knocks. A string of minor injuries — a troublesome knee that led finally to a cartilige operation, and last season, a broken leg have all contributed to his being kept out of the game for long periods yet twice he has been France's leading scorer, 34 league goals in 1957-58 was far and away better than anyone else in the French first division could muster, and last season he led the field with 28 when he sustained a broken leg in February. Racing's prince of goalscorers Thadee Cisowski had the better part of three months in which to overhaul Fontaine yet failing to do so by the most slender of margins, ended up with 27.

When still with Nice, Fontaine entered the international sphere in the French Army team, and then followed up with several 'B' honours. Soon after his transfer to Reims, he attracted the attentions of the international selectors, busy recruiting for the big test against the Hungarians in October 1956. The match was memorable for several reasons, Roger Marche made his 50th appearance in the French colours, and it was Puskas's last game for Hungary, who won 2-1, but Fontaine failed to find the net, and he ceded his place, temporarily, to Cisowski.

Back with Reims the local football fans were speculating on the chances of Kopa returning from Madrid, for according to the best reports he wasn't happy there. In the event they had to wait two years before they were to see him in Reims colours once more, but the success of their favourites in the 1958 World Cup in Sweden, left the fans anticipating his return more eagerly than ever.

When Fontaine joined forces with Kopa in the French party that travelled to Sweden, he had been capped four times but on each occasion he had been a disappointment to the selectors. In Sweden he was a riot and scoring 13 goals beat the previous best tally for the series which had been set up by Kocsis four years earlier.

JUST FONTAINE

The Kopa — Fontaine combination, 'le tandem terrible', transformed the French national team from the bumbling shambles that lost 0-4 against England at Wembley into a super slick outfit that startled everyone, and bearing in mind that they did far better than the 5-2 score suggests in the semi-final against Brazil with Jonquet a passenger for most of the game, it seems clear that they might well have won the title.

For the series in Sweden, Fontaine was switched to inside right but in effect he remained the spearhead, while Kopa at centre forward dropped back. Prompted by the Real Madrid star, the entire French side rose to the occasion magnificently. Kopa built up in midfield a solid constructive framework that kept the team together and continuously threatening to break through. Whenever they did so, there was Fontaine often alone, but always in just the right place for the half chance that he could turn into goals.

Their first opponents were Paraguay, who later did very well against Yugoslavia and Scotland but France thrashed them by 7-3. Fontaine took three of the goals and followed that with two more against the Yugoslavs and the winner in the match v Scotland, to put France in the quarter finals. Now it was Ireland's turn to meet Fontaine, and fielding one of the best combinations that they've ever had they were well favoured to reach the semi-final but two priceless goals from Fontaine early in the second half left them floundering, and they were out 0-4.

The match against Brazil proved to be a great disappointment to millions of French fans for the injury to Jonquet who spent most of the game limping on the touchline completely upset their machine-like precision. Even so the match was one of the best in the series, and before they got through to the final they acquired a great deal of respect for the French in general and Fontaine in particular. Without doubt he was the danger man, and the goal he scored in the tenth minute was a real beauty. Vava had put Brazil ahead in the second minute and before the injury to Jonquet. France were fighting back strongly. Fontaine in midfield squared the ball back to Kopa and moved out to the right as the centre forward drew the Brazilians to him, sidestepping and weaving his way past tackle after tackle, suddenly he let go with a perfectly laid through ball.

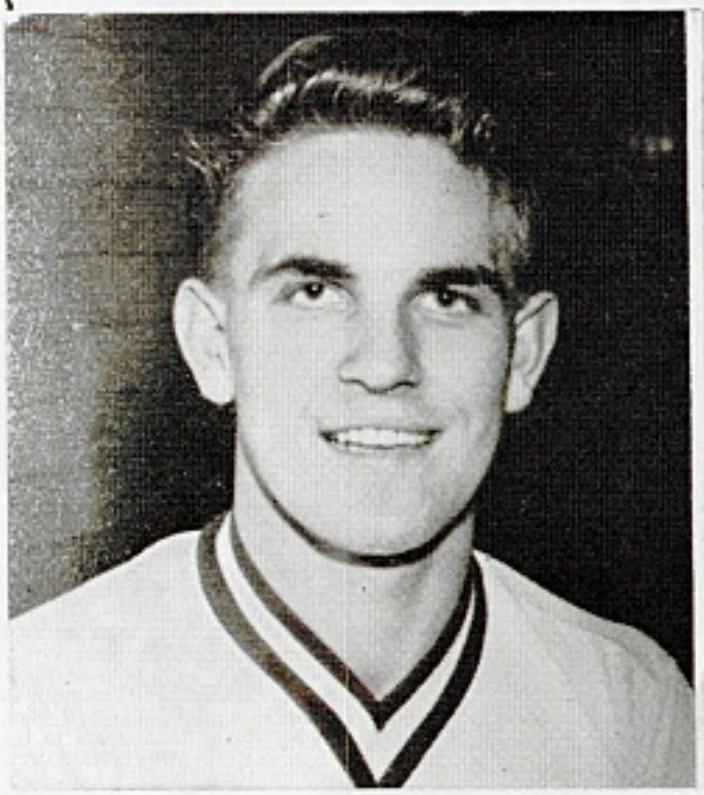
Fontaine's goalscoring records were augmented, though hardly noticed in the 1958-59 European Cup, when he was the leading marksman in the series with 10, and there can be no doubt that he will be a source of trouble to many defences in this season's campaign.

In seven years of first class football Fontaine has a remarkable record. 159 league goals, 18 appearances for France in which he has taken a further 30 points, two cup winners medals — with Nice in 1954 and Reims in 1958, and three times he's helped to carry off the French championship.

Before he broke his leg last season, Fontaine was switched around by Reims who appeared at one time to have too much talent after Kopa's return from Madrid. Figuring at outside right, inside right, centre forward and inside left he was never omitted when fit, and in any case was never anything but the spearhead.

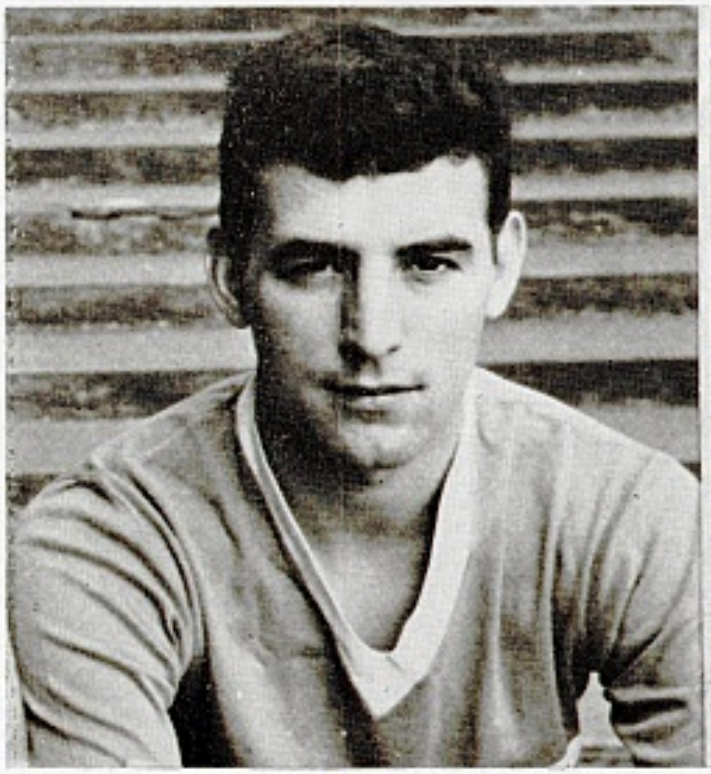
While Fontaine was in hospital Reims fielded an attack of: Berard, Muller, Kopa, Piantoni, Vincent and stormed on to the championship as if they hadn't missed him but whatever happens Fontaine need have no concern about his future.

Players' Photo Parade

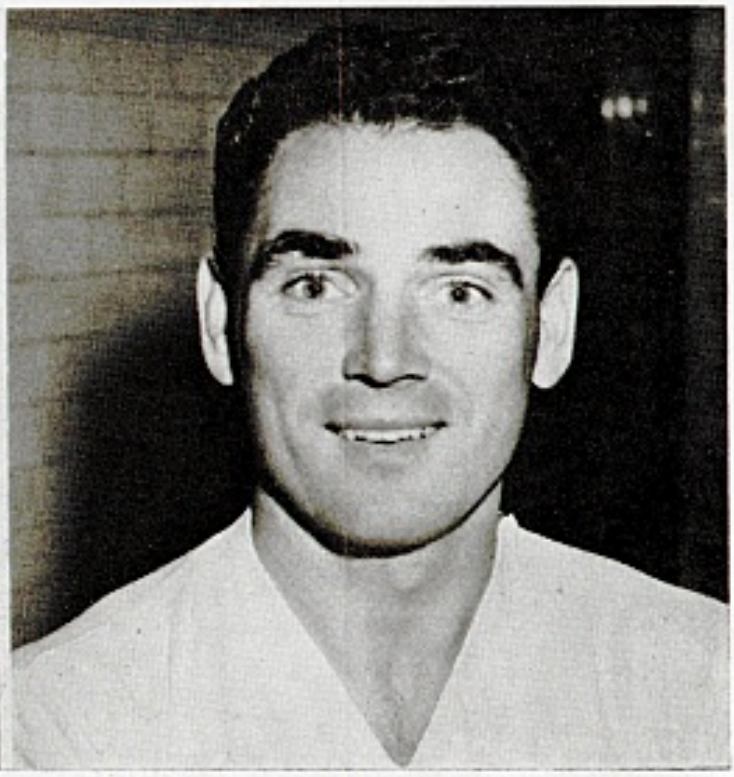


GRAHAM MOORE (Cardiff)

BILL CURRY (Brighton)



KEN LEEK (Leicester)



JOHNNY SUMMERS (Charlton)

DOES ENGLAND REALLY LAG BEHIND?

Foreign Editor ERIC BATTY talks about three stagnant soccer pools

AT regular intervals during the past few years, England has received nasty jolts to her football prestige. They really began a long time ago, soon after the world, as a whole, began to take an interest in the game. But it was not until around 1950 that England began to see that the game didn't belong to her exclusively.

In 1951 the Festival of Britain brought a great number of foreign teams into focus, yet although the overall results were definitely in England's favour she received a few surprises. Since then the number of reverses has grown considerably, and after each one England's authorities are treated to outbursts from various sectors of the game repeatedly telling them that the country's decadent; that the foreigners have caught up with them, and finally that England has fallen sadly behind.

The critics, I am sure, are sincere in presenting their views thus, but while this will no doubt be a shock to those who have followed my views — I disagree entirely that England is behind.

Certainly the English club is less entertaining, less interesting than that of Real Madrid. Of course players do not compare with Puskas, Di Stefano, Suarez and their like, but the English game is still considerably in advance of all its challengers.

Close behind

As I see it, only two countries are within striking distance: Italy and Russia, but in quite a lot of other countries the game has developed to such a pitch that they are close behind and if England is not careful she really will be overtaken.

When football in its modern organised form was first popularised in Britain, the game was played for its own sake. All the players and club officials derived from it was satisfaction (impossible to describe in terms of money or prestige) merely in inner feeling that one was doing something worthwhile and doing it well.

As the public began to take an interest, it developed rapidly. Fences went up around the playing pitch and a few pennies were levied for admission. When the gate money began to run into pounds, ambitious clubs sought, and found, men who were prepared to inter-change clubs and become 'professionals' for two bob a week. The pursuit of 'false idols' had begun.

At first, professionalism was not recognised, but it was not and still is not difficult to hide from the authorities. The factories of northern industrial England were full of unskilled men holding down jobs for which they were totally unsuited but by coincidence they were more than useful footballers and the factories were owned by committee men of well known clubs.

When the professionals were recognised in 1885 the stage was set for the big decline but there is no doubt that it could have been avoided. Just when the rot set in is difficult to determine, but somewhere in the development of the game, money became more important to the player than the game itself. Attendances at matches became more vital than the playing of good football, and, in an attempt to please the public and retain their interest, it has sunk to the lowest levels.

At first, people went to football matches to witness a spectacle; to satisfy their craving for life and excitement; movement; colour; artistry. All these things they found in the game while every player strove to improve his play; to prove to himself that he as an individual and with his team collectively were better than their opponents. While this state of affairs existed the game was fine but gradually the spirit of competition gave everyone a new standard by which to judge their efforts — the league table.

Where before it was enough to know that you or your team had played well irrespective of whether you had won or lost, now it became necessary to prove your ability to others.

Czechoslovakia, since the war years, is one country who have made giant strides forward in the international sphere. Kicking at the cameraman (above) is URBAN of the Dukla Prague club, who are not dud Czechs

Somewhere along the line England has gone sadly astray. Everything is now geared to winning matches, but it is difficult to see where to go from here. Among the older critics there are many who claim that the decline began with the change in the offside rule. They may be right. The law was changed to satisfy the professional clubs who were afraid that if the offside craze were allowed to develop unchecked it would ruin the game as a spectacle. And the crowds would stop paying their shillings at the turnstiles.

At that time, millions of amateur players were still playing for pleasure all over the world, and the change in the rule didn't affect them one little bit. The rule was altered to suit the professional game, and in so doing 'killed' the greatest artist of them all — the attacking centre half.

At it's best

There are others who claim that the decline began even earlier. Some say that football was at its best between 1900 and the first world war. I wouldn't know about that as a fact, but such a view would be consistent with my personal feelings.

Now in England, (or Britain) in 1960 we have reached a stage where everyone is on the make for more and more money. A young man reaches the top of his profession at 17 by gaining a regular place in the first team, with it top wages. When everyone calls him a star and demands that a place be found for him in the England team, he has satisfied his ambition, and has 'made the grade'.

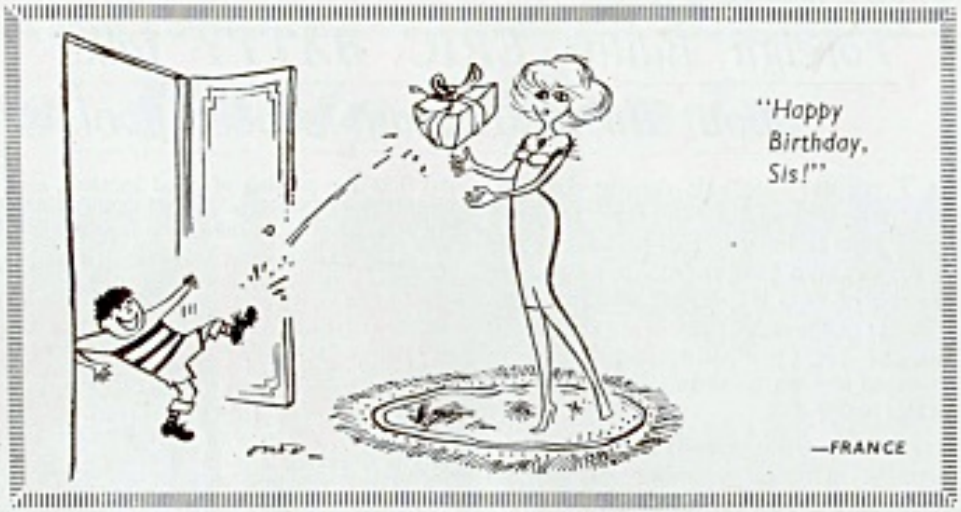
At nineteen or twenty he will probably be married, and the cheers of the crowd have ceased to be of importance. And with a family to provide for, he needs more money. To get it legally he needs a part time job. When, as many professionals now do, he earns more from his other job than he does from football, his career is ended. Certainly he doesn't improve much more.

It would be wrong and very unfair to suggest that the players are alone responsible for the fall in standards. The clubs have carefully cultivated the seeds which have brought our game to its knees, over a long period of years, and now they are rearing weeds, giant sized weeds that threaten to choke.

Just as boys have ambitions to become another Raich Carter or another Stanley Matthews and settle for televisions and cars when they become men, so men have ambitions to become directors of football clubs,

continued overleaf

DOES ENGLAND REALLY LAG BEHIND? *(continued)*



and settle for championship shields and cups. We all start out with a passion for the game but somehow our enthusiasm gets into the wrong channels and turn into ruts. Fourth division clubs want to be First Division clubs; First Division clubs want to be champions, and everyone wants to win the FA Cup.

Amongst all this, anyone who simply and sincerely wants to get on with the game and play good football, is lost.

Still Submerged

Earlier in this article I said that Italy and Russia were close behind England. I meant it. The Italians have been through the same phase that England has and, like England, they are still submerged. Just as English gates reached an unprecedented popularity after the war, so too did the Italians. Their path to the top was simple. They went out into the world and brought good players to Milan and Turin. From South America and Scandinavia they poured into Italy just as Scotsmen hurried to English clubs for half a crown a week many years ago.

This time it was considerably more than half a crown and while the big clubs of Italy drew record crowds at first the game was slowly being strangled. Ambitious club directors paid £30,000 to £60,000 for one player expecting him to win the Italian championship for his club, but what was not understood was that while every club can pay out big money only one club can be the champions. When it became clear that mistakes had been made playing systems became tighter. Managers were sacked for incompetence and those who remained became fearful of defeat. So defensive centre forwards were introduced. Naturally a game between two teams that each fielded eight defenders was not of much interest to the fans and over a period they began to find better things to do on Sunday afternoons.

Around the early 1950's Italian football had dozens of great players just as English football did a little earlier. The game in both countries was then at its peak and since then they have travelled downhill. Defensive football killed initiative. Money, points, goals, bonuses, cups, prestige — all these things are now more important than the game itself.

In November 1955 Italian football reached the depths when they went to Budapest for an international match with Hungary. At that time, Puskas, Kocsis and Co. were universally acknowledged as the masters, and the Italians were desperately anxious to beat them. Realistically they appreciated that this was virtually impossible so they compromised — by trying to avoid defeat! This is familiar enough in England: negative football it is called; but the Italians went mad.

Their team contained the usual orthodox defence, three backs and two half backs but in addition they had another pair of wing halves in the attack, Montico of Juventus at inside right and Segato of Fiorentina at outside left. These two were wing halves with their clubs and they were played in the international team as wing halves in order that Kocsis and Puskas could be double marked. For eighty minutes this purely defensive team held out but fortunately Puskas and Toth managed to score in the last ten minutes, and Hungary won 2-0.

All the Answers

Later the Italians thought they knew all the answers and changed their rules to bar further importations, but the expected improvement has not yet been effected because they were wrong in their diagnosis. The presence of ace players (paid accordingly) is the greatest spur that youth could possibly have. What is wrong in Italy is the attitude of mind. If everyone were to concentrate on the game itself they would soon recover, but they are just as obsessed with winning (and not losing) as England is. Promising young players are retarded because their managers fear dismissal should the team lose, and daren't leave out the established player to blood the boys. Tactics are devised that will shut out Schiaffino (Milan), Angelillo (Inter), Sivori (Juventus), Lojacono (Fiorentina) and practically every thought is on a negative level.

The Russians, too, are in the same category but for a very different reason. They withdrew behind their Iron Curtain after the war and allowed their game to deteriorate, after they had reached a very high standard.

Later, when it suited them, they came out into the western world looking for prestige victories, and now everything is geared to winning. Their Dynamo team of 1945 was truly outstanding. Whether it was or was not the national team, does not matter much although I am sure it was. The important thing is that their system allowed great players to develop, and since they altered their system to pursue success they've gone downhill too.

continued next page

The positions of England and Hungary are similar. Both have been rebuilding, and the Hungarians would appear to have come out best most quickly. On the left, England's Swan in a tussle with Hungary's Albert at the People's Stadium last May.

continued from previous page

England, Italy and Russia have all reached and passed their peak. Before the war England would have walked away with the World Cup had they entered, and if a series had been held in 1945 it is almost certain that the Russians would have won it. Italy, actually did win the trophy twice while they were at their best in 1934 and 1938, and again after the war they had a wonderful team that was virtually the Torino club side. Now we are all lost, wandering around trying to find the way back, and as yet there is no sign that anyone has seen 'the light'.

The next candidates for this elite little group would appear to be Spain. They are currently going through a period of success that is unprecedented in the history of their game, and the old evil, money, is ominously present. The big clubs vie with each other for big stars, paying out huge sums in bonuses and salaries, but so far they are still on top. There is really no reason why they cannot stay there forever, but it is vitally important that they should understand the position if they are to walk on what is in fact a very narrow path full of pitfalls.

An important part

Football is now an important part of life in our society, but it is governed by natural laws. Nothing in nature is allowed to stand still. Water is drawn off the oceans by the heat of the sun, and when the resultant clouds are heavy enough the water comes back to us in the shape of rain. Draining away into rivers, it reaches the sea once more but the small pools that form among the rocks and are sheltered from the sun, remain. In splendid isolation the water has foiled nature but after a little while fungus begins to grow and the water starts to smell!

Just as it is impossible for water to stand still and retain its goodness, so too it is impossible for football. Clever players mean good football which will draw huge crowds which, in turn, will enable the clubs to pay big money, thereby encouraging the youngsters to become good players.

Natural circle

Somehow, somewhere, the natural circle was broken. Results have assumed an unnatural importance and just as nature demands that a rain-barrel full of water will go 'off' so she makes demands on football.

As I see it, football is like an ocean that encircles the entire world. Everywhere there is movement.

The Belgians have just introduced professionalism; the Spaniards are now at their peak, and while Norway and Denmark are still amateurs and struggling up, the United States is just becoming interested in the game.

Amidst all these currents of activity there are three stagnant pools — Italy, Russia and Britain.

Action from England's First Division (above) during a meeting between the favourites for the title, Tottenham, and neighbouring Fulham. Spurs' Welsh international right-winger Cliff Jones leaps for the ball ahead of Fulham's Gibralter-born goalkeeper Tony Macedo. The ball, however, escaped both players. (P.N.I.)

CANADA IS UNHAPPY WITH 1962 WORLD CUP DRAW

by JEFF CROSS in Vancouver

CANADIANS are unhappy with the 1962 World Cup draw which gives Canada a near-to-impossible task.

First of all, Canada is drawn against Mexico and the United States and must play a home-and-away series with each before January 31st, 1961.

Even if she should win through that series, Canada would then come up against the winners of two other sub-groups for more home-and-away series. Included are Costa Rica, Antilles, Surinam, Guatemala, Honduras and the Netherlands Indies. Those games must be completed by June 30th, 1961.

And after all that, if Canada wins through, there will be another home-and-away series against Paraguay. Then, and only then, would Canada make it to the finals in Santiago, Chile.

Canadians know that they have to prove themselves in World Class competition. But they point indignantly to their own task, as compared with that of Argentina. The Argentinians have merely to beat Ecuador to reach the finals. Similarly, Uruguay has merely to beat Bolivia and Peru has only to overcome Colombia.

No wonder the Canadians are mad.

Yet, invariably, the mechanics of such major international competitions, always leave some country or another dissatisfied with the draw. It is tough luck on Canada.

SPURS v DYNAMO—NOVEMBER 14 WILL BRING BACK MEMORIES

MAURICE WEEDON

writes about the first day Dynamo came to London

DURING post-war years there has been a tremendous increase in the number of invitations extended to foreign club sides to play in Britain. Similiarly, there has been an increased number of engagements for British teams abroad.

Strange as it may seem, although midland, northern and Scottish soccer enthusiasts have all been afforded the opportunity of seeing the best ever club side — Real Madrid — they have yet to appear in London.

However this glaring omission may well be rectified, for it seems that either Real Madrid or Barcelona will play at White Hart Lane before this coming Christmas, against the all conquering Tottenham Hotspur.

The Spurs will also be acting as hosts to Moscow Dynamo on November 14, and all Britain will be fervently hoping that this 'in form' team will acquit themselves well and help restore some of the 'Old Country's tattered soccer prestige.

Although the visit of Dynamo to Britain will arouse terrific interest, it is hardly likely that they will repeat the series of sensations that resulted from their tour of Britain in November, 1945.

As war time allies the Russians had built up in this country a great spirit of friendship. Later this was to become lost in the power politics that scourged the world but in 1945 it reflected itself in the fantastic crowds that were prepared to lose a day's pay in order to see them. One acquaintance of mine was a schoolboy — a member of a class that was usually 33 strong. The day of the Chelsea-Dynamo match the attendance was slashed by colds, chills, flu, and funerals to two!

The crowds that assembled were little short of fantastic. An hour before the kick off it was impossible to move at more than a snail's pace in Kings Road. The two hundred yards from Walham Green Station (as it was then) down to the main entrance of Stamford Bridge was packed solid with a shuffling mass of humanity unable to move because the gates were closed, but stopped by the police from re-entering the underground and going home because they would have clashed head on in the entrances with the never ending crowds still arriving.

The homes of people who lived beside the ground were invaded. At one house a man knocked on some pretext, and as soon as the front door was opened, raced through into the back garden pursued by hundreds of onlookers. In the back garden was a shed, a ladder and a tree and above them all the wall at the back of the covered goal. Hundreds swarmed up before the police arrived to turn back those who had not already started their long climb.

One of the bright spots for the crowds inside, waiting for the kick off, was provided by policemen chasing spectators who had climbed onto the top of the main stand. Hundreds of them were up there and the handful of policemen had a hopeless task, and it was almost a miracle that not one fell to the ground amidst all the excitement.

A novel feature introduced by the Russians was the appearance of the players with the reserves twenty minutes prior to the kick off. The object of course was a pre-match warm-up, and when the trainer was satisfied that this had been achieved, back they went to the dressing room for a few minutes.

The teams lined up as follows: **Chelsea: Woodley; Tennant, Bacuzzi; Russell, Harris, Taylor; Buchanan, Williams, Lawton, Goulden, Bain.**

Moscow Dynamo: Komich; Radikorsky, Stankevich; Blinkov, Semichastny, Soloviev (L); Trofimov, Kartsev, Beksov, Dementiev, Soloviev (S).

At first the Russians appeared to be too slow, but as the game got older we began to see football from a new school. Every one of their players was capable of holding the ball, and were never afraid to do so, yet at times the ball would flash from man to man with unerring accuracy.

Immediately after the kick-off, centre forward Beksov withdrew into the centre of the field. At first it seemed that he was out of his class, unable to anticipate his colleague's moves and slow to take up the correct position, but as the game progressed he showed quite clearly that he was a really first class player. In fact we were getting our first sight of the withdrawn centre forward, later to be brought near to perfection by the Hungarian star, Nandor Hidegkuti.

The Russians seemed to be able to anticipate each others thoughts almost as if they were in telepathic contact. Time after time a Russian would run into an open space and receive a pass from a player who had apparently been facing in the opposite direction all the time, yet inch perfect the pass found its mark and the recipient was able to pick up the ball and move on without breaking his stride. Had their marksmanship matched their wonderful approach play they would certainly have won very easily.

Three times in the opening ten minutes the Russians struck the framework of Vic Woodley's goal after approach play of a standard that few spectators had dreamed of let alone seen before, but it was to Chelsea that the opening goals went. First Len Goulden and then Reg Williams managed to put the ball past 'Tiger' Komich, yet without giving any outward signs of distress the Russians went on producing their own brand of super soccer.

Thirty minutes from the end Chelsea led 2-0 when suddenly Kartsev dashed into a space on Chelsea's left flank, and receiving a beautifully laid pass crashed it into the net from fully thirty yards out. Soon afterwards the same player produced a dazzling run in which he beat five opponents one after the other and left substitute outside right Archangelski with a clear path to goal.

The equaliser at last stung Chelsea back into action, and with only a few minutes remaining Tommy Lawton got up, as only he could, to a high cross and headed the Pensioners back into the lead. Even at this the Russians weren't finished and before the final whistle they had equalised yet again.

The Russians had three more matches to play before they were to withdraw behind their curtain, and these games became even more interesting following the stories and pictures from Stamford Bridge. Cardiff City were beaten 10-0, Glasgow Rangers were held to a 2-2 draw and finally they returned to London to meet an Arsenal XI which contained several 'guest players' at Tottenham.

A dense fog quite spoiled what might have been another memorable match, and restricted visibility to no more than a few yards. The occasional flashes from the exploding flash bulbs of photographers packed behind the goals, gave momentary glimpses of the play but without doubt the spectators can scarcely have seen anything. Certainly I didn't see much and afterwards there were many stories in circulation of handled balls and fog shrouded fouls, but as no one can ever claim to have a complete picture of what happened it is surely best forgotten.

Nine years later AC Milan caused an even bigger sensation with the superb football that they presented at Upton Park. Over the years West Ham can probably claim to

This IS FOOTBALL

IT is time the world appreciated it . . . soccer is on the way out in Great Britain! That is what the social economist told me at an English University the other day.

It was a theory based on the evolution of social advancement that first began in Britain at the time of the Industrial Revolution . . . and if you think this is heavy stuff for a soccer monthly, think again.

For the man in question is a professor and has studied association football with the cold stare of the scientist who isn't too sure whether it is played with a round ball or an oval one.

But of one thing he is sure. Just fifty years will see the game dying in most areas of the world.

Sometime next year he is going to present all this as a paper at some conference or other, and I'm certain it will contain facts compelling enough to make more than a few paragraphs in the international press.

But I have been lucky enough to get a sketchy preview of the arguments he will be putting forward.

Basically, the main platform of the case is this: soccer is a game which has

have been the most enterprising of all the London clubs in the matter of friendlies with foreign clubs, and certainly they are to be complimented on bringing a magnificent Italian team within the limits of our experience.

Pre-match publicity had centred around Milan's Uruguayan inside forward Juan Schiaffino, who had been seen on our television screens only a few months before and played a big part in his country's World Cup successes in Switzerland. His transfer from Penarol (Montevideo), had cost Milan a world record fee of £72,000, and the whole of London wanted to see him.

An hour before the start the ground was packed. The turnstiles were closed, yet huge crowds continued to flow towards the ground, and packed the surrounding streets.

The teams lined up as follows: **West Ham: Taylor; Bond, Kinsell; Malcolm, Brown, Allison; Hooper, Barrett, Dixon, Dick, Musgrove.**

team made London buzz

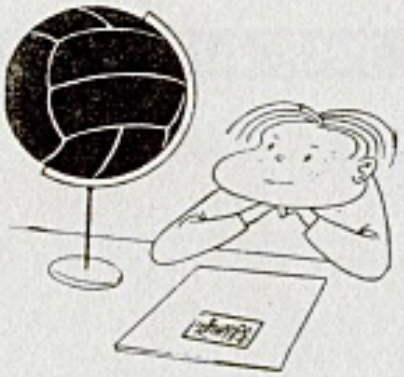
AC Milan: Buffon; Beraldo, Zagatti; Bergamaschi, Pedroni, Tognon; Soerenson, Ricagni, Nordahl, Schiaffino, Frignani.

In the opening minutes West Ham forced the pace, and were on top in the early stages, but slowly the visitors gained control, and when they had succeeded in reducing the speed of the game the match was over and became instead an exhibition.

What an exhibition it was though. The football was magnificent yet while Schiaffino had a very quiet game, Milan's other South American was really great. Argentinian born Eduardo Ricagni completely dominated the game. A small balding man carrying a paunch that would not have been out of place on a middle aged bank manager, he had the entire crowd captivated. Everything he did bore the touch of greatness, opening the score early on he then spent most of the match tormenting his opponents in midfield. Nordahl 2, Soerenson and Schiaffino scored for Milan, all fine goals well taken, carefully engineered efforts yet the best of all came late in the game from Ricagni. Boring into the West Ham penalty area he shrugged off tackle after tackle with a dip of the shoulder that sent would be challengers turning in the wrong direction and left them hopelessly unbalanced. His mazy run came to an end close to the West Ham goal but at such an oblique angle that it seemed impossible to score unless a colossal amount of 'screw' could be put on the ball to make it turn in flight. Ricagni's answer was simplicity itself. From three yards out along the bye line Ricagni hammered the ball against an eager defender racing back to cover his beaten 'keeper, and off him the ball went in.

Was it a fluke? No one that saw it could have had any doubt, coldly, calculatingly the Argentinian achieved just what he set out to do, and the effect was awe inspiring. Against such skill West Ham were powerless and any thoughts that perhaps Wolves or Manchester United might have done better than the Londoners were no more than wishful thinking.

In addition to Ricagni and Schiaffino, Milan fielded two other 'foreigners', outside right Leschly Soerenson, a schoolmaster from Denmark, and a burly yet extremely agile centre forward Gunnar Nordahl. The latter by now hardly needs any introduction. An ex-fireman in his native Sweden he was the youngest of three brothers all of whom played for IFK Norrkoping and Sweden, and later starred in the FIFA v England match at Wembley in 1953.



Yet another import watched the match from the stand, Nils Liedholm. A graceful, cultured footballer, and another Swedish international. Liedholm later returned to Sweden on loan, and captained his country to the final of the 1958 World Cup.

Milan won 6-0 and gave us another sharp reminder that we had still not begun to reorganise our game after the lessons we received from the Hungarians during the previous season. On the way out, many of the unfortunates that had been locked out had stayed to ask what was the game like. We who had witnessed the match were powerless to convey our thoughts. Perhaps the most complete answer would have been 'Does your father tell you of the wonderful football West Ham used to play in the 1920's?' Do you listen politely and smile, when he says, modern players would be shown up and humiliated by the old masters? If so, then your father would understand what the game had been like.

West Ham had been well beaten but this fate would have befallen almost any team in the world that had met Milan at that time. When they came to London they had already built up a ten point lead in the Italian league, and went on to the title comfortably. All that the 'Hammers' had to offer in the face of such brilliant football had been spirit, but then as now, this alone has never been enough in World Class Soccer.

DYING AS A TOP RATE WORLD ATTRACTION?

mass appeal among the artisan type in any country.

It is a cheap, pleasant method of leisure spending which attracts the millions when alternative amusement is limited.

But it becomes less compelling in a society in which the standard of living is advanced enough for the working class community to afford cars, television sets and the vast array of hobbies and amusements (which now bombards the people of Britain).

The professor pinpoints the gradual decline in attraction and performance in Britain and forecasts that this, more than any inherent dislike, will ensure that soccer does not take any hold in the United States where baseball is going through the same downward trend as football in the British Isles.

It's a disconcerting enough theory — made even less palatable by the professor's contention that no one game or sport has remained the people's love down the ages.

The history of games, he says, is cluttered with the story of attractions which reached their inevitable peak and then have died away. Just one modern instance is that of bull fighting in Spain.

It would appear, then, that any hopes of Britain's slump in the game being temporary is a myth.

Nor need the advanced countries of Western Europe — Germany, France and Scandinavia — cherish hopes of ever jumping to the top in their turn. The European Iron Curtain countries — and Russia, too — are all advancing fast towards the inevitable downgrade point.

My colleague contends that only the South Americas have any future of sorts in the game.

And that before they have reached their zenith they will find the new industrialism of China will bring football to top-grade popularity and performance on the banks of the Yang-tse.

I would prefer my own opinions which are that the trouble with soccer in England is mainly financial. The standard of living is so high today that the average footballer's wage is just about the level of the factory worker.

In this top-heavy economy where the craftsman is not now appreciated and mass production is the order of the day our soccer players are mass produced too.

England is not getting the craftsmen. But then they are not getting them in carpentry, either, just to quote one example.

But if carpenters began to pay a skilled man £50 a week then the young men would sit up too.

And they would be attracted to soccer, too, if there was a reward commensurate to the effort and application that has to be put into it these days.

My friend the Prof. might pat himself on the back for his 1961 forecasts . . . if he lives long enough. For the game is going out of fashion without doubt, as the Football League gates prove.

But not for the reasons he advances so boldly. It is simply that in this restless, impatient age nothing that is not top-grade entertainment will get more than a second glance.

People today are sophisticated. And Britain's second-grade football is not.

● HARRY BROWN

THE APPRENTICE PROFESSIONALS

Young man's career

by NIXON FARR

HOW to make English professional football a more attractive career is a question which has frequently been discussed and one of the most recent attempts to improve it's structure has been the introduction of the apprentice professionals scheme.

There are few professions or trades in Britain these days which do not have some form of apprenticeship for aspiring youngsters. In this respect football has been at a great disadvantage, up to now. The professional clubs have had to struggle with the unsatisfactory situation that, until a youth reached the age of seventeen and was safely signed on professional forms, a mere amateur signing held no certainty that the player would remain with the particular club holding his signature (either as a result of 'poaching' by another club or free-will leaving).

—FRANCE

But the new scheme should ease some of the worries in this direction for it means that a youngster of fifteen can sign apprentice professional forms for a club binding him to that club over a period of three years. At the end of this engagement he can either decide to further his career by signing full professional forms or be quite free to become an amateur once again.

The maximum wages, too, are not unattractive. At 15 an apprentice can receive £7, at 16 an increase to £8 and at the age of 17 he will be able to receive £10.

Parents who might otherwise not have entertained the idea of their son earning his living from football, could well view the opportunity of a three year's apprenticeship in football with pay with more favour.

It has one certain definite advantage over other forms of apprenticeship, namely some free time and plenty of encouragement to take up study for an entirely different career when the soccer life is over. This should serve as an added attraction to future-conscious parents and will provide for the player a break from soccer routine which will certainly act as a mental stimulant, prevent staleness and benefit his game.

Naturally as with any new idea there are those who are not in favour of it and point out its faults. One such criticism is the case of the boy who wants to cash in on some ability via the scheme and offers his services only to a club prepared to take him as an apprentice without first having a trial, at the expense of a club offering only amateur status. Another complaint has been the lack of suitable competition for these lads (who are not amateurs) to play in; but in view of the limited number of such players no special competition could be arranged and their soccer education would be improved quicker and more thoroughly when playing with and against more matured performers.

Yet these and other problems are mere teething troubles which can be overcome once the scheme has been in operation for some while and its results analysed. The basis of the whole plan is two-fold. First, from a player's viewpoint, its appeal to him as a possible future career is relatively sound. Secondly, the club is safeguarded for the period in question.

Not too many

Clubs, however, must be careful not to sign on too many apprentices. They are not allowed to have more than 15 players on their apprentice books at any one time. Therefore a handful a season is all that a shrewd manager can sign for fear of a budding genius turning up in a succeeding year in excess of the complement allowed. By the same measure clubs must be very selective in their choice.

More than ever schoolboy internationals will be highly sought after by leading clubs as potential apprentices. Actually three of the first soccer apprentices to sign on figured prominently in last season's successful England Boys' team: Dick Roberts, centre forward from Headington, Bill Atkinson, inside left from Sunderland and Denis Thwaites, left-winger from Stockton. This talented threesome were snapped up by Birmingham City in July; the club having obviously signed them on the strength of fine promise from individual performances last season.

Followed closely

Thwaites in fact was quickly given an opportunity to show his paces in the Birmingham City reserve side. The progress of this youngster and the other apprentices scattered with clubs all over the country will be followed closely by the champions of the idea and the soccer public. It could lead to a completely new mode of thinking in relation to the schoolboy and professional football and one that could have very satisfactory, effective and lasting results.

However this is not the complete answer for the interested British public still has to be convinced that there is a worthwhile future in professional football for a youngster to take the game up seriously. But that is another branch of a complicated subject and the apprentice professionals idea has much to be said in its favour.

Chelsea, believers in encouragement of local youth, have no fewer than seventeen former juniors on their books, among them London-born half-back Terry Bradbury (seen below) who, though not an apprentice professional, has chosen football with confidence as his career.

Ray Footman's Scottish round-up

Kilmarnock impress

HAVING tipped Kilmarnock to be the outstanding team in Scotland this season, I am naturally pleased that their early form suggests they will be well among the honours. They have reached the semi-final of the League Cup, and I take them to gain their first success in this trophy.

Last season Kilmarnock failed to find their true form until it was too late to challenge Hearts for the championship, and although they reached the final of the Scottish Cup, were beaten by Rangers.

The League Cup could well be a repeat of the 1959-60 Scottish Cup final. Kilmarnock meet Hamilton, and Rangers are against Queen of the South. Kilmarnock manager Willie Waddell seems to have found the right blend to bring success to Rugby Park.

Centre-half Willie Toner has brought additional steadiness to the defence, and centre-forward Andy Kerr is finding the net. In right-winger Hugh Brown they appear to have a real "find".

There is no doubt that the most-talked-about man in Scotland during the opening months of the season was Alan Gilzean, Dundee's centre-forward. In his first 10 games he collected 15 goals. This is his first full season in senior soccer, and his play has already attracted the English clubs.

Kilmarnock, runners-up in the United States International Soccer League last summer, have impressed many by the early season performances in Scotland this season so far. On the right, skipper Jimmy Brown exchanges pennants with Burnley's Adamson during their U.S. League tie. In keeping with the colourful New York occasion, Brown sports a jockey cap.

Fans everywhere were delighted when Dick Ewen played for Aberdeen against Celtic during the latter part of September last month. It was a fitting reward for a youngster who refused to let ill health bog him down. This Under-23 international outside-right was laid low with a chest complaint last December, and was told he would not play again. He was determined to prove the pessimists wrong, and his complete recovery was the outcome of many long months of fighting to get well.

Too often teams promoted from Division II languish at the foot of the First Division, and end up being relegated. I cannot see this happening to Dundee United who won their way back after 28 years in the Second Division last season.

For a spell, they headed the table, and judging by their form will be in no fear of losing their place. Manager Jerry Kerr has built well having infused his team with a spirit which suggests they will hold their own, and goal-keeper Rolando Ugolini has proved a useful signing.

St. Johnstone, who went up with Dundee United, do not look to be making the grade. I appreciate the season still has a long way to go, but the Saints too often seem outclassed, and although goal-keeper Billy Taylor has been playing, it has been his task just to keep the score down in most matches. Perhaps the picture will change within the next few weeks.

Ian St. John, Motherwell's international centre-forward, has scored some outstanding goals up to now — and also the strangest one for a long time. It was against Partick, and what's more St. John doesn't remember scoring it!

Brown, Partick's left-back, hit the ball upfield with a mighty kick. It took St. John full in the face, knocking him cold. Leaving him with a bloody nose it rebounded straight into the net.

After "Sinny" had been revived by the trainer, he thought his team-mates were kidding when they told him he had scored a goal.

Keep an eye on teenager Bobby Young Motherwell's outside-right. This boy looks good. He has ball control, a body swerve, and a hard shot.

George Farm, for so long the favourite of Blackpool supporters, is enjoying a successful time with Queen of the South, along with another former leading player in English football, Ivor Broadis. Farm is keeping goal as well as he did when he was our keeper in international teams.

The pair were largely instrumental in the Queens reaching the semi-final of the League Cup. Last season they missed promotion by one point. If their forwards make better use of the openings Broadis makes in every match, it could be the First Division this time next year.

—WEST GERMANY

I WISH you well in your publication and great success. I was sorry to be unable to write in your first edition, but at the time, I was convalescing after a rather severe operation and so "hors de combat". — **ARTHUR DREWRY, C.B.C., J.P., Chairman of the English Football Association.**

DESERVING

I THOUGHT your number one was a first-class publication, full of all soccer news and I sincerely hope it meets with the success it deserves. — **GEORGE RUTHERFORD, Sports Editor, Sunday Dispatch, London, E.C.4, England.**

CONVINCED

I AM glad you have published WORLD SOCCER. I am convinced it will prove an interesting publication for readers and experts and that it will promote the development of international football. — **GUSZTAV SEBES, Budapest, Hungary.**

Letters

INSATIABLE

CONGRATULATIONS on the first edition: a publication of this type has long been needed. I suggest you include as much foreign news as possible, certainly not less than at present. This should include articles on particular clubs, training and coaching methods and league positions. Currently, Britons' appetite for such information is insatiable. — **P. R. GUNNUNG, Ladbroke Square, London, W.11, England.**

REAL SOCCER

I HOPE you will never succumb to the temptation of printing too much copy on British football. Those of us interested in real soccer cannot have too much in your magazine about such clubs as Real Madrid, Juventus, etc. Keep it international! — **H. H. LEE, New Road, Whittlesey, nr. Peterborough, England.**

LOST GLORY

HOW appropriate that the first magazine giving full coverage of world soccer should be published in England, where the very foundation of the game was laid. Although England no longer leads the world game, you still command respect abroad, and it is hoped she will one day recover her lost glory.—**HANS RENISA, Vienna, Austria.**

The complete English & Scottish November League games

SATURDAY, 5th NOVEMBER

DIVISION I

Aston Villa v Burnley
Blackburn v Birmingham
Blackpool v Cardiff
Bolton v Manchester C
Chelsea v Newcastle
Everton v West Brom
Leicester v Preston
Manchester U v Sheffield W
Tottenham v Fulham
West Ham v Arsenal
Wolves v Notts Forest

DIVISION II

Charlton v Southampton
Huddersfield v Derby
Lincoln v Scunthorpe
Luton v Ipswich
Norwich v Rotherham
Plymouth v Liverpool
Portsmouth v Leyton
Sheffield U v Leeds
Stoke v Middlesbrough
Sunderland v Bristol R
Swansea v Brighton

FIRST ROUND F.A. CUP

SCOTTISH I

Airdrie v Kilmarnock
Ayr v St. Johnstone
Clyde v Rangers
Dundee v Hibernian
Hearts v Aberdeen
Partick v Dunfermline
Raith v Celtic
St. Mirren v Motherwell
Third Lanark v Dundee U

SCOTTISH II

Alloa v Albion
Arbroath v Stirling
Brechin v Queen's Park
Cowdenbeath v Stranraer
Dumbarton v Montrose
Falkirk v Berwick
Hamilton v Stenhousemuir
Morton v Forfar
Queen of South v East Fife

SATURDAY, 12th NOVEMBER

DIVISION I

Arsenal v Chelsea
Birmingham v Manchester U
Burnley v Wolves
Cardiff v Everton
Fulham v Leicester
Manchester C v West Ham
Newcastle v Blackpool
Notts Forest v Bolton
Preston v Aston Villa
Sheffield W v Tottenham
West Brom v Blackburn

DIVISION II

Brighton v Luton
Bristol R v Plymouth
Derby v Sunderland
Ipswich v Lincoln
Leeds v Stoke
Leyton v Huddersfield
Liverpool v Norwich
Middlesbrough v Swansea
Rotherham v Charlton
Scunthorpe v Portsmouth
Southampton v Sheffield U

DIVISION III

Brentford v Grimsby
Bury v Notts C
Chesterfield v Bournemouth
Halifax v Coventry
Port Vale v Barnsley
Shrewsbury v Bristol C
Southend v Bradford C
Swindon v Colchester
Torquay v Newport
Tranmere v Reading
Walsall v Q.P.R.
Watford v Hull

DIVISION IV

Accrington v Stockport
Aldershot v Doncaster
Barrow v Rochdale
Bradford v Wrexham
Chester v Southport
Crewe v Peterborough
Gillingham v Carlisle
Millwall v Mansfield
Northampton v Hartlepools
Oldham v Crystal P
Workington v Darlington
York v Exeter

SCOTTISH I

Aberdeen v Motherwell
Airdrie v St. Mirren
Celtic v Partick
Dundee v Third Lanark
Hibernian v Ayr
Kilmarnock v Hearts
Raith v Clyde
Rangers v Dundee U
St. Johnstone v Dunfermline

SCOTTISH II

Arbroath v Falkirk
Cowdenbeath v Berwick
East Stirling v Forfar
Hamilton v Queen of South
Montrose v Alloa
Queen's Park v Morton
Stenhousemuir v Brechin
Stirling v Dumbarton
Stranraer v Albion

SATURDAY, 19th NOVEMBER

DIVISION I

Aston Villa v Fulham
Blackburn v Cardiff
Blackpool v Arsenal
Bolton v Burnley
Chelsea v Manchester C
Everton v Newcastle
Leicester v Sheffield W
Manchester U v West Brom
Tottenham v Birmingham
West Ham v Notts Forest
Wolves v Preston

DIVISION II

Charlton v Liverpool
Huddersfield v Scunthorpe
Lincoln v Brighton
Luton v Middlesbrough
Norwich v Bristol R
Plymouth v Derby
Portsmouth v Ipswich
Sheffield U v Rotherham
Stoke v Southampton
Sunderland v Leyton
Swansea v Leeds

DIVISION III

Barnsley v Southend
Bournemouth v Bury
Bradford C v Chesterfield
Bristol C v Halifax
Colchester v Torquay
Coventry v Tranmere
Grimsby v Swindon
Hull v Brentford
Newport v Port Vale
Notts C v Walsall
Q.P.R. v Shrewsbury
Reading v Watford

DIVISION IV

Carlisle v Bradford
Crystal P v Workington
Darlington v Chester
Doncaster v Oldham
Exeter v Accrington
Hartlepools v Aldershot
Mansfield v Barrow
Peterborough v York
Rochdale v Gillingham
Southport v Crewe
Stockport v Millwall
Wrexham v Northampton

SCOTTISH I

Ayr v Dundee
Clyde v Hearts
Dundee U v Kilmarnock
Dunfermline v Celtic
Hibernian v Aberdeen
Motherwell v Rangers
Partick v Airdrie
St. Mirren v St. Johnstone
Third Lanark v Raith

SCOTTISH II

Albion v Stirling
Alloa v Arbroath
Berwick v Montrose
Dumbarton v East Stirling
East Fife v Stranraer
Falkirk v Queen's Park
Forfar v Stenhousemuir
Morton v Hamilton
Queen of South v Cowdenbeath

SATURDAY, 26th NOVEMBER

DIVISION I

Arsenal v Everton
Birmingham v Leicester
Burnley v West Ham
Cardiff v Manchester U
Fulham v Wolves
Manchester C v Blackpool
Newcastle v Blackburn
Notts Forest v Chelsea
Preston v Bolton
Sheffield W v Aston Villa
West Brom v Tottenham

DIVISION II

Brighton v Portsmouth
Bristol R v Charlton
Derby v Norwich
Ipswich v Huddersfield
Leeds v Luton
Leyton v Plymouth
Liverpool v Sheffield U
Middlesbrough v Lincoln
Rotherham v Stoke
Scunthorpe v Sunderland
Southampton v Swansea

SECOND ROUND F.A. CUP

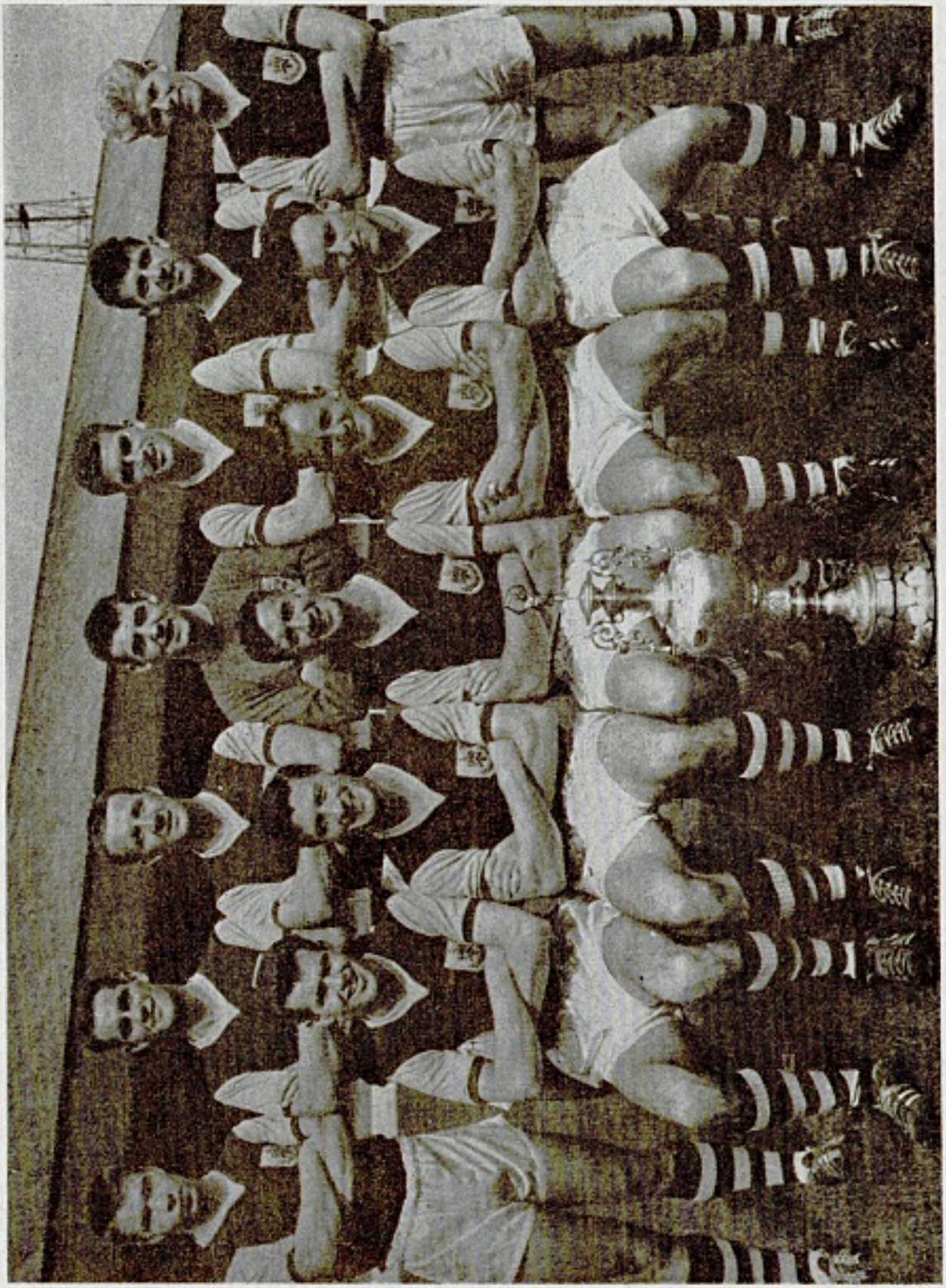
SCOTTISH I

Aberdeen v Dundee U
Ayr v St. Mirren
Clyde v Third Lanark
Dundee v Partick
Dunfermline v Airdrie
Hearts v Raith
Motherwell v Hibernian
Rangers v Kilmarnock
St. Johnstone v Celtic

SCOTTISH II

Albion v Dumbarton
Arbroath v Morton
Berwick v Alloa
Brechin v Cowdenbeath
East Fife v Montrose
East Stirling v Stranraer
Queen of South v Falkirk
Queen's Park v Hamilton
Stirling v Forfar

BURNLEY (ENGLAND)



BURNLEY: Left to right (back): A. Elder, J. Robson, T. Cummings, A. Blacklaw, B. Miller, J. Angus, R. Pointer. (Front): J. Connelly, J. McIlroy, J. Adamson, B. Pilkington, T. Meredith.

The goalkeeper who. . . is worth a small fortune

—CZECHOSLOVAKIA

PRESTIGE BATTLE LOOMS

THE FORTHCOMING EVENTS

THE most interesting fixture in the November calendar is without doubt the Italian League v English Football League clash at the San Siro Stadium in Milan. This match scheduled to be played on the first of the month could provide the advocates of "a Great Britain XI" with a great deal of fuel for their argument — but by the same token it could backfire on them.

While it is clear that a British team would show up much better in the World Cup than any of the four countries standing alone, it is a fact that for the 1962 competition, the four countries have entered separate teams, and therefore if this fixture is to be of any practical use, then the basis on which the team is chosen, must be precisely the same as that which restricts the England selectors of the full and Under 23 England teams (writes Eric Batty).

The English Football League will doubtless be anxious to show that they can do better than the Football Association in the arena of international competition, and on these grounds they may be tempted to include men like Gregg, Blanchflower and McIlroy, but if this is their intention they made a very poor choice in selecting Italy to be their first victims.

A fully representative "Football League" side would probably be something like this: Gregg (Ireland); Parker (Scotland), Cantwell (Eire); Blanchflower (Ireland), Hurley (Eire), MacKay (Scotland); Jones (Wales), McIlroy (Ireland), Viollet (England), Haynes (England), McParland (Ireland).

The composition of the side could be argued about for weeks, but whether we regard the team through red, white, blue or green glasses, a strong team will be the result. Carefully chosen, adequately trained and playing to a sensible tactical plan, such a team could provide formidable opposition for the best that the world can offer. But will the Italian League be prepared to accept another blow to their already dwindling power?

If the Italians so choose they too can field a far more powerful combination than that which usually represents them in international matches, and if this fixture is to become a "prestige" battle, they will strike back with far greater force than most other countries could muster. If Cliff Jones of Spurs can play for the Football League — John Charles can play for the Italian League, and the game then becomes Great Britain v A World XI.

The Italian team could look like this: Buffon (Italy); Fontana (Italy), Sarti (Italy); Liedholm (Sweden), Charles (Wales), Schiaffino (Uruguay); Hamrin (Sweden), Lojacono, Angelillo, Sivori (all Argentina), Skoglund (Sweden).

Bearing in mind all the ifs, it is impossible to say what will be the outcome at this stage, but certainly the match looks full of possibilities.

Towards the end of November, Sepp Herberger, the West German team manager, will be taking his team to to the Balkans for matches against Bulgaria and Greece. The latter of course are not generally regarded as a power in the game, while Bulgaria are among the most inconsistent of sides. For Germany, prestige is the least important facet of this trip, as their past records clearly show. Sepp Herberger can field an Under 23 side in a full international, perhaps receive a sound beating, yet be confident of retaining his job.

In this respect he is almost unique, but after having held his job for around twenty-five years he has no reason to worry should both matches be lost.

In fact however his plans or the creation of a new team for the 1962 World Cup are already well advanced. With several established members of his national side still in their early twenties as a result of his careful planning, he has experimented with almost every youngster that looks capable of living in the highest class. Quite a few have already shown great promise, Brulls, Haller, Schutz, Geiger and Steffen, all in the 20-21 years category among them. Backing these up there are several very young regulars — Seeler, Schnellinger and 25 years old Szymaniak.

However the score lines read after the matches with Bulgaria and Greece there will be one paramount winner — Sepp Herberger, and West Germany will reap the dividend in Chile two years hence.

Another country with two fixtures this month is Hungary who will entertain on consecutive Sundays, Poland and Austria. Without individual stars of the Puskas Kocsis class the Hungarians now rely on teamwork and to this end they will certainly spend three or four weeks together around the time of the big games. League matches of course are automatically suspended and the team-builders are given every facility in the mountain retreat where the side undergoes its final preparation.

Poland, who are now more unreliable than ever will almost certainly be beaten in Budapest, but the Austrians, vastly improved during the past six months are a difficult proposition. Only a few weeks ago Austria beat Russia 3-1 in Vienna, and while the Russians have little to offer the football purist they are the official European Champions, and a tough combination.

The Austrians have a vitally important advantage against Hungary, for as their nearest neighbours they have always been better acquainted with their style of play than anyone else, and if they cannot combat the Hungarian patterns who can.

Several of the 1962 World Cup qualifying matches will be played off during the next few months, among them Belgium v Switzerland. While there will be ties in which better teams will take part few will be so well matched, and the outcome of this struggle will be of particular interest at this time.

INTERNATIONAL NOVEMBER DIARY

FULL INTERNATIONALS

1—Malta v. Norway (Valletta)
9—Scotland v. Ireland (Hampden Park)
13—Hungary v. Poland (Budapest)
20—Bulgaria v. W. Germany (Sofia); Hungary v. Austria (Budapest)
23—Greece v. W. Germany (Athens); England v. Wales (Wembley)

WORLD CUP

20—Belgium v. Switzerland

REPRESENTATIVE MATCHES

1—Italian League v. English League (Milan)
2—England Under-23 v. Italy Under-23 (Newcastle)
3—England Amateur XI v. Oxford University (Eastbourne)
10—England Amateur XI v. Cambridge University (Cambridge)

AMATEUR INTERNATIONAL

5—England v. Wales

CUP MATCHES

5—First Round English F.A. Cup
12—Third Round Qualifying English Amateur Cup.
26—Second Round English F.A. Cup; Fourth Round Qualifying English Amateur Cup

FRIENDLY MATCHES

7—Sheffield Wednesday (England) v. Moscow Dynamo (Russia) (Hillsborough)
10—Wolverhampton Wanderers (England) v. Moscow Dynamo (Russia) (Molineux)
14—Tottenham Hotspur (England) v. Moscow Dynamo (Russia) (White Hart Lane)

Eire's prestige has taken a hammering

TOM MULDOWNEY'S EIRE SURVEY

CHIEF talking point among the Eire enthusiasts at the moment concerns recent poor displays by their representative sides. Eire soccer prestige, which zoomed sky-high with last season's win over Sweden, has taken a nose dive.

A scrambling victory by the 'B' International XI, composed of home-based players, over a mediocre Icelandic side was followed by the English League giving the Eire League selection a good thrashing.

Blackburn Rovers' Peter Dobing was the real "villain of that peace", scoring a hat-trick. Surprising features of this game, were the lack of fighting spirit in the Irish boys, and the poor attendance: only 15,000 supporters bothered to turn up.

Reputations, and a five-year-old unbeaten home record, went by the board, when Wales scored a convincing win over Eire in the first-ever international between the two nations. Spectators, a mere 20,000 of them, saw Tottenham's Cliff Jones give a superb display.

The next international match takes place on November 5, and brings the Norwegians to the Emerald Isle. With World Cup games against Scotland and Czechoslovakia coming up in the new year, Eire selectors have some hard thinking ahead of them.

Noel Dwyer (Swansea) may lose the net-minding job, and out with him may go Aston Villa's Pat Saward, Leeds United's Noel Peyton and Arsenal's diminutive Joe Haverty.

Preston's Sonny O'Neill, who gained his first cap in the Welsh International at the expense of injured Noel Cantwell, will not be retained, now that Noel is fit and back in West Ham's defence.

Pulling on the 'keeper's jersey on November 5 may be Drumcondra's recently exported Maurice Swan playing soundly in the Cardiff City reserve eleven. His chief rival may well be his former club mate Alan Kelly (Preston N.E.) who gained International honours against England at Wembley in 1957.

Following the spate of representative fixtures, the usual weekend battle for Shield points continues. Tommy Moroney's Cork Celtic, and last season's Cup winners Shelbourne, are making it a two horse race.

Although Shels have already won this season's President Cup, I expect Celtic to take the Shield title. Incidently what a great prospect they have discovered in Mahony the young Glasheen minor.

MOROCCO TO PLAY AGAINST ITALY 'C'

FIRST casualties of the European Cup competition were Northern Ireland's Glenavon and East Germany's Wismut Karl Marx Stadt. Both had their first round tie postponed because of political reasons. The Cold War prevented the East German champions from securing a travel permit. Rumanian champions CCA have withdrawn giving a bye to Spartak Hradec Kralove (Czechs.).

★

THE Italian Football Association has just announced the following fixtures: December 10 — Italy v. Austria (Naples); December 11 — Bulgaria Under-23 v. Italy Under-23 (Sofia); February, 1961 — Italy v. Morocco (Livorno); April 25, 1961 — Italy v. Northern Ireland (Bologna); June 18, 1961 — Italy v. U.S.S.R. (Rome); June 23, 1961 — Italy v. Argentina.

★

SPAIN'S Atletico Madrid started the current season just as they ended the last one — with a victory of Real Madrid. At the close of the last campaign, they, Atletico, defeated Real in the Spanish F.A. Cup Final. On the first day of the new season, they defeated Real Madrid 1-0 in the Spanish League. Real were without Alfredo di Stefano who had sciatica.

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● From the early rounds of the English Football Association Cup to the Wembley final itself, it has invariably been a story of atmosphere, the unexpected and Dame Fortune. Below, ERIC BUTLER presents a potted post-mortem of the contest, the first and second rounds of which are played this month.

World's oldest Cup competition starts

THE excitement in England mounts as the F.A. Cup Competition reaches an intriguing stage. The remaining amateur and non-league clubs make their do-or-die attempt during the month's first and second rounds for the possible rewarding third round clash against Tottenham, Sheffield Wednesday, Wolves or, perhaps, Arsenal.

This period of the competition has provided some of the most glamorous pages of world-wide football history. From the early rounds up to the Wembley final itself, it has invariably been a story of atmosphere, the unexpected and Dame Fortune.

There is nothing quite like Wembley on Cup Final day. The drama of it is such that little else in the world of sport can measure up to it.

From those pioneer days in 1871 when Wanderers fought an only goal victory over Royal Engineers at Kennington Oval in the first-ever Cup Final, to Wolverhampton's success against Blackburn Rovers last season — it has been a tale of glory, gimmicks and goals.

How the crowds grew

The Oval was the venue of the Final for twenty-one years (with the exception of 1873 when it was staged at Lille Bridge) and during that time the entries rose from a humble fifteen to nearer two hundred and the crowds from an enthralled two thousand to a vast hub-bub of 25,000. Today, the limit is fixed at 100,000.

Then the grounds changed quickly. Fallowfield (1893) to Everton (1894) and then a spell at Crystal Palace until 1914. Old Trafford, next (1915-1916), then to Stamford Bridge (1920-1922) and so to Wembley Stadium which coincided with the birth of the greatest era in this, the world's oldest cup competition.

Wembley was soon to make big news. An estimated 250,000 struggled, kicked and scratched there way over the barriers to see Bolton against West Ham. Play started 45 minutes late, and the touchlines were human walls. Bolton scored their first goal when West Ham left-half Jack Tresadern was engulfed in the crowds on the line and the second goal was the result of an over enthusiastic spectator who kicked the ball to a Bolton player observed by only a few.

The Glamour of 'Giant-killing'

Giant-killing plays a major role each year. Remember when, in 1927, "little" Cardiff gained a one-goal success of the then "mighty" Arsenal? Such feats were a highlight that year. Carlisle, Rhyl and Poole, all non-league, fought to the third round whilst Millwall astonished everyone by beating Huddersfield who had just won the English League championship for the third successive year.

Then came the Cup gimmicks. Special training, brine baths, exact diets, visits to seaside were regular innovations. Later we read of gland treatment and pep pills used by clubs in a bid to grasp that elusive trophy.

Between 1926 and 1938, Arsenal reached the last eight on ten occasions and won the Final twice. They also won the English Championship five times, were runners-up twice and third once. Arsenal certainly led the way in those palmy days.

But the happiest page of Cup History was sandwiched between Newcastle's great years during 1953, when national hero Stan Matthews got a winners' medal at last. Who will forget the electrifying magic of that Saturday afternoon when Matthews' magic turned almost certain defeat into a last minute victory?

So to the present. England bubbles with expectation. Which of the remaining "little clubs" can topple the "big boys" in a competition which is as unpredictable as the English weather?

There are those who say keep the Cup for professional teams exclusively. We are firmly opposed to that viewpoint.

Without the non-leaguers, this ancient competition would be conservative and stodgy.

BOOK

★ *EDITED BY*

At Home with the Hammers by Ted Fenton (Illus. 15s. net). Nicholas Kaye Limited, 194-200, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

THREE decades ago I used to watch the Hammers — in the days of big Jim Barrett — and I found Ted Fenton's book written in the spirit of that fine club whose fortunes I have followed for so many years.

Ted's love of the game comes through in every chapter and many will agree with him when he says: "I don't go much for this hugging and kissing in soccer—that's one continental idea we'll never bring into Upton Park". Far too often the scoring of a goal is made the scene of such rapture that rugger players are presented with plenty of ammunition when they claim that their code is more manly!

How did Fenton feel as he guided the Hammers to the Second Division Championship? "I tried to keep a sense of proportion" he writes. "I kept pinching myself and endeavoured to keep calm and treat every game on its merit. I gave the players a target of points for the end of March, and when they achieved that I felt for the first time that we had the team to take us to the First Division."

But Fenton, shrewd character that he is, admits that once success had come his main object was to **stay** in the First Division. Thus, without any disloyalty to players who had put the team there, he had to strengthen it and the buying of Woosnam from Leyton Orient was move number one.

Not everyone will agree with him when he says "The main fault with football in England is that it is too cheap".

Oddly enough I was discussing this point on the terraces at Brighton only last weekend. My neighbour said the missing odd million paying customers was entirely due to television (everyone's whipping boy!). When I pointed out that the extra entrance charge had coincided with the rise in rail fares he began to appreciate how much more the soccer follower was having to pay for his entertainment if he had to travel some miles by train . . . and at a time, let us admit it, when the standard of play is not all that it might be. But in fairness to Fenton let me add this: his chapter on Football Economics should be studied by all who have the best interests of the game at heart.

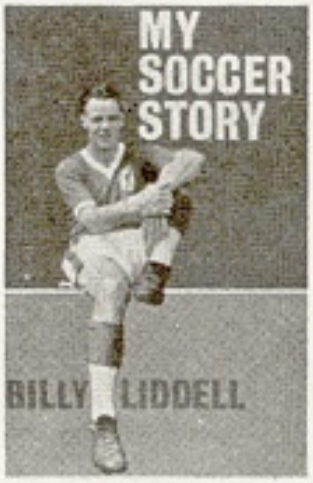
This is a book to get the fans talking. And that's always good for any game. **W.L.**

My Soccer Story by Billy Liddell (Illus. 12s. 6d.). Stanley Paul & Co. Ltd., 178-202, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

IN **My Soccer Story** Billy Liddell proves that he is not one of the increasing number of players who carry a chip on their shoulders. He admits that football has been good to him and for him, and in return he has tried to put something back into the game.

Though he does not decry the sport which has provided him with his living, he does not suggest that everything in soccer is beyond reproach. As one of the few players still in active football who was a professional before the war what he has to say about the game is worth reading about. Last April he completed 21 years with Liverpool, during which time he has played in well over 500 League and F.A. Cup matches, scoring over 200 goals. In addition he played for Scotland in 32 post-war internationals, does a great deal of social work and was made a Justice of the Peace two years ago, being one of only two footballers to be so honoured during their playing career.

The book abounds with behind-the-scene stories, many



CASE

BILL LUSCOMBE

here disclosed for the first time, and is a sound, solid, commonsense contribution to Soccer bibliography by a man of substance, education and long business training who has no axe to grind. As such it will appeal to all fair-minded people.

F.B.K.

A Slave — to Soccer by Ronnie Clayton (Illus. 12s. 6d.). Stanley Paul & Co. Ltd., 178-202, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

TO Ronnie Clayton football is the greatest game in the world and in his enthralling book he tells his readers why he thinks so. In an age of discontented sportsmen Clayton proves that he is **not** a soccer slave but that he **is** a slave . . . to soccer, a man dedicated to the game and one who has always worked hard to improve his own standard of play.

It was after England drew with Yugoslavia 3-3 at Wembley that the press campaign "Clayton Must Go" started up and as everyone knows Ronnie lost his place. In his book he tells his readers what it felt like to do so — and it is my guess that he will win it back, for he is not a man to be discouraged by adversity.

He writes a most moving chapter about "My Pal Dunc." — Duncan Edwards of Manchester United, who lost his life in the Munich crash — and in another chapter says of Billy Wright that he was one of the wisest footballers he has ever known, a player who answered criticism by going out and doing his best in every match.

It is as modest as Clayton himself and proves that the game packs fun, drama and adventure. **D.E.**

Masters of Soccer by Maurice Edelston and Terence Delaney (Illus. 18s. net). Naldrett Press, Kingswood, Tadworth, Surrey.

TWENTY of Britain's most complete footballers (living and dead) are put under the microscope in an effort to explain their qualities in portraits of the footballers themselves.

One would imagine it would be difficult to squeeze any additional and hitherto unpublished material from the life-stories of such immortals as Stanley Matthews, John Charles, Billy Wright and Peter Doherty, nevertheless, to a large extent, the authors have managed to do this, although repetition of much information has been quite unavoidable.

It is for this reason that the portraits of the young men who are still playing and who indicate the horizons and possibilities of the future are the most readable and "real".

The portraits of players are written and re-written almost weekly, and it is to the credit of the co-authors for striving to present them in a different light. **G.P.**

Bobby Charlton's Book of Soccer by Bobby Charlton (Illus. 12s. 6d. net). Cassell & Co. Ltd., 35, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1.

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The Yugoslavs—many of whom were in the team which narrowly lost the European Nations' cup final—struck Olympics gold—at last. Favourites to take the title in Rome, they confirmed their supporters' hopes.

'LITTLE' DENMARK WAS THE SURPRISE

by ERIC BATTY

THE Olympic Games football tournament, won at last by Yugoslavia after taking the silver medal in the series of 1948, 1952 and 1956, gave us further proof, if any should really be needed, that form in Central Europe counts for very little.

The competition provided several major surprises — perhaps the biggest of all being the success of Denmark, and the complete failure of Poland; but, generally speaking, the series worked out as the experts forecast.

The qualifying matches showed once more that the Iron Curtain countries with their loose interpretation of the word 'amateur', have a distinct advantage over the rest of the world, but how delightful it was to find the Danes who are very nearly the last of the true amateurs, standing up so magnificently to Poland and Hungary.

Their failure against Yugoslavia in the final stemmed, so many thought, from the fact that, as amateurs, their part-time training is not enough to enable them to withstand frequent demands upon their fitness, and after a fine performance against Hungary they were allowed only four days rest before the final. Yet while there is clearly a great deal to be said for this view, it would surely be unfair to Yugoslavia to stress the point.

The Danes who, along with Great Britain, were the only two Olympic entrants who could be genuinely described as 'amateur' in the established Olympic sense, were worth their shining Silver showing.

Yugoslavia have been working for their success for more than two years. With the Olympics in mind they have deliberately cut out the older and unqualified players from their national side; accepted inevitable defeats and never at any time been deflected from the policy that good football will bring the desired results.

1960 Olympic role of honour (below): on the rostrum, Yugoslavia Gold; Denmark Silver and Hungary Bronze.

In the qualifying matches, Group One was clearly to be eventually decided between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. Each accounted for the Egyptians and the Turks without difficulty, and when the two met (and drew 3-3), the issue was settled. Bulgaria, with an inferior goal average, were eliminated, but it will be apparent that had they been drawn in any other group they might well have beaten Yugoslavia.

The young Italian team had a relatively easy task in Group Two, the only group without at least one Communist 'amateur' side. Had the Brazilians been more successful it would not really have been a surprise, but their team turned out to be nothing more formidable than the juniors of the big clubs of Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo.

In the other half of the competition, Hungary and Denmark had things much their own way. Hungary were particularly impressive, winning all three matches with a goal average of 15 to 3, but Denmark too, won all their games against opposition that was, if anything, stronger than that in Gp. 4.

For the semi-finals Hungary and Yugoslavia were clear favourites but neither tie turned out as expected. A month before, Denmark had beaten the Hungarian Olympic XI 1-0 in Copenhagen but with ground advantage so vitally important nowadays the Hungarians were confidently expected to reverse the decision, in neutral Italy.

Italy gave Yugoslavia a very tough fight; drew 1-1 and then due to the archaic rules which still prevail in the Olympics had to take their chance on the toss of a coin, and went out.

Denmark with a pleasing performance that gave Hungary little chance to settle, fought their way into the final with a 2-0 win and attracted the attention of Mr. Emil Ostereicher (Real Madrid), and many of the other scouts were present in force.

So the stage was set for the final, but before this took place, Italy and Hungary met in the customary 'losers final' and gave the form minded followers a definite pointer to how the final would end.

Italy had held Yugoslavia to 1-1, while Denmark accounted for Hungary 2-0 with comparative ease, and thus when the Italians went down 1-2 to Hungary, the betting switched violently in favour of Denmark carrying off the gold medal.

All this, of course, failed to take into account the all important fact that the Yugoslav forwards have never been consistent goalscorers, and to take any of their previous results into account when summing up their chances for a particular match can often be little short of folly. So it turned out in the final, when the Yugoslavs produced a superb exhibition of skilfully controlled soccer that left the Danes gasping. Even after the referee completely forgot the unwritten rule that forbids the sending off of players in such important matches, and left the Yugoslavs to play out the greater part of the match one short, the Danes were hardly in it with a chance.

1960 OLYMPIC DETAILS

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26

Group One

Yugoslavia (3) **6** (Kostic 2, Knez 2, Galic, Refai og)
Arab Rep. (0) **1** (Raabat)

Yugoslavia: Soskic; Durkovic, Jusufi; Zanetic, Roganovic, Perusic; Ankovic, Maravic, Knez, Galic, Kostic.
Arab Rep.: Adel; Refai, Alaa; Esmakui, Sanaguili, Samir; Rida, Abdo-Selim, Raabat, Corari, Scirbini.

Bulgaria (3) **3** (Diev 3)
Turkey (0) **0**

Bulgaria: Najdenov; Rakarov, Kitov; Largov, Manolov, Kovacev; Diev, Abadjiev, Tanev, Iakiwov, Iliev.
Turkey: Cavid; Ajdogan, Ergun; Suat, Aknet, Tarhan; Samin, Zeki, Ibrahim, Ugur, Selim.

continued on page 38

JACKIE HENDERSON

(Arsenal and Scotland)

BERT WEEDON, Britain's top guitarist says:

I'VE HELD THE F.A. CUP

THERE is only one thing wrong with my profession, it doesn't give me much time to watch my favourite sport — football. However, I can usually fit in mid-week international matches at Wembley, although, like most readers, I can never get hold of a Cup Final ticket.

When Real Madrid came up against Eintracht in the European Cup Final, I was determined to see that one even though it merely meant watching it on television. I kept the evening marked off in my diary. I'll never regret doing so.

Watching the game made me think of the difference in the pay between British players and the rest of the world. When you consider that such players as Puskas, Di Stefano, and Pele can earn about £1,000 a month which is roughly the same as Stanley Matthews, Johnny Haynes and Bill Slater earn in a season, it shows how under-paid England's top men are.

In show business the stars get just as much as their 'name' affects the box office. Footballers in England are tied to a maximum wage and it seems crazy to me. Also, the contract which literally could bind a man to one club for life, should, in my opinion, be altered.

One of my biggest thrills came a couple of years back. I was on a T.V. show where the English F.A. Cup was being shown to viewers. It is a handsome trophy. Somehow I persuaded the studio manager to allow me to hold it for a couple of seconds. Even though I will never get the chance of playing in the final, (or even a ticket!) at least I can say I have held 'the Cup'!

'Little Denmark' was the surprise

continued from page 36

Group Two

Italy (2) **4** (Rivera 2, Fanello, Tomeazzi)
Taiwan (1) **1** (Mok Chun Wah)

Italy: Alfieri; Noletti, Trebbi; Ferrini, Salvadore, Trappattoni; Rivera, Fanello, Tomeazzi, Bulgarelli, Magistrelli.

Taiwan: Lau Sui Wah; Law Pak, Kok Kam Hung; Chan Hung, Lau Tim, Lam Seung Yee; Wong Chi Keung, Kwok Yu, Chau Moon, Yiu Cluk Yin, Mok Chun Wah.

Brazil (1) **4** (China da Silva 3, De Oliveira)
Gt. Britain (1) **3** (Brown R 2, Lewis)

Brazil: Martinis Cavalheiro; Claudionos, Texeira; Dias, Rubem, Dari; Machado Da Silva, Paulinho Ferreira, China Da Silva, Gersons De Oliveira, Valdir.

Gt. Britain: Pinner; Thompson, Holt; McKinven, L. Brown, Sleap; Lewis, R. Brown, Hasty Lindsay, Devine.

Group Three

Poland (3) **6** (Pohl 5, Hachorek)
Tunisia (1) **1** (Kerrit)

Poland: Szymkowiak; Pala, Wozniak; Strzykalsky, Szczepanski, Zientara; Gadecki, Brychczy, Hachorek, Pohl, Lentner.

Tunisia: Khaled; Rouat, Tawfik; Meddeb, Seghir, Chetali; Naji, Yahmed, Touati, Kerrit, Moncef.

Denmark (1) **3** (Nielsen H 2, Soerensen)
Argentine (1) **2** (Zarich, Bilardo)

Denmark: From; Andersen, Jensen; Hansen, Nielsen C., Nielsen F.; Pedersen, Danielsen, Nielsen H., Enoksen, Soerensen.

Argentine: Periotti; Stauskas, Ginel; Blanco, De Ciancio, Diaz; Bilardo, Zarich, Desiderio, Oleniak, Perez.

Group Four

Hungary (1) **2** (Gorocs, Albert)
India (0) **1** (Balaraman)

Hungary: Torok; Novak, Varhidi; Dalnoki, Vilcszal, Kovacs; Satori, Gorocs, Albert, Orosz, Rakosi.

India: Thangaraj; Chandrasekhab, Jamail Singh; Lavtif, Kempaiah, Yousuf Khan; Barajel, Goswami, Kannan, Simar Sunderay, Balaraman.

France (0) **2** (Giamarchi, Quebec)
Peru (1) **1** (Uribe)

Peru: Sakinas; Campos, Lima; De Guevara, Eral, Arguerdas; Ruiz, Guzmann, Altona, Uribe, Gallard.

France: Samoy; Gonzales, Polonia; Bordas, Arteleza, Barrato; Quebec, Coincon, Giamarchi, Ahmed, Loncle.

MONDAY, AUGUST 29

Group One

Bulgaria (1) **2** (Yordanov, Diev)
Arab Rep. (0) **0**

Bulgaria: Naidenov; Rakarov, Kovatchev; Dimitrov, Manolov, Largov; Diev, Abadjiev, Yordanov, Jakimov, Kolev.

Arab. Rep.: Khourcenid; Zakl, Badawi; Fanagili, Alaa, Samir; Reda, Hamdi, Salch-Selim, Gohart, Shirbini.

Yugoslavia (1) **4** (Kostic 2, Galic, Knez)
Turkey (0) **0**

Yugoslavia: Soskic; Durkovic, Jusufi; Zanetic, Roganovic, Perusic; Takac, Maravic, Galic, Knez, Kostic.

Turkey: Gokalp; Giziloglu, Taner; Oziazici, Tunakozan, Taman; Jildiz, Senzan, Jalcjngaia, Ertan, Sojdan.

Group Two

Brazil (2) **5** (Gersons 3, Brarico 2)
Taiwan (0) **0**

Brazil: Carlos Alberto; Nono, Jurando; Dias, Brarico, Dari; Wanderley, Paulinho, Chiquinho, Gersons, Valdir.

Taiwan: Lau Sui Wah; Law Pak, Kok Kam Hung; Chan Hung, Lau Tim, Lam Seung Yee; Kong Chi Keung, Lo Kwok Tai, Chau Moon, Yiu Chuk Yin, Mok Chun Wah.

Italy (1) **2** (Rossano 2)
Gt. Britain (1) **2** (Brown R, Hasty)

Italy: Alfieri; Burgnich, Trebbi, Tumburus; Salvadore, Trapattoni; Rivera, Bulgarelli, Tomeazzi, Rossano, Cella.

Gt. Britain: Pinner; Neil, Holt; McKinven, L. Brown, Sleap; Lewis, R. Brown, Hasty, Lindsay, Devine.

Group Three

Argentine (1) **2** (Oleniak 2)
Tunisia (0) **1** (Kerrit)

Argentine: Periotti; Estaukas, Ginel; Blanco, De Ciancio, Diaz; Bilardo, Zarich, Desiderio, Oleniak, Perez.

Tunisia: Kalbed; Rouath, Seghaier; Daxo, Chetali, Toufik; Naji, Mehbet, Ben Azedine, Touati, Kerrit.

Denmark (1) **2** (Nielsen H 2)
Poland (0) **1** (Gadeckzi)

Denmark: From; Andersen, Jensen; Hansen, H. C. Nielsen, F. Nielsen; Pedersen, Danielsen, H. Nielsen, Enoksen, Soerensen.

Poland: Szymkowiak; Pala, Grzegorczyky; Wozniak, Strikalky, Zientara; Gadeckzi, Brichczi, Hakorcek, Pohl, Lentner.

Group Four

Hungary (3) **6** (Albert 2, Dunai 2, Rakosi, Gorocs)
Peru (1) **2** (Ramieres 2)

Hungary: Farago; Novak, Varhidi; Dalnoki, Solymosi, Kovacs III; Pal II, Gorocs, Albert, Dunai, Rakosi.

Peru: Sulinese; Campos, Eral; Luna, Guevara, Arguedas; Gallardo, Caseres, Nieris, Ramieres, Wribe.

France (0) **1** (Coincon)
India (0) **1** (Banderjee)

France: Wettstein; Polonia, Bodin; Philippe, Samper, Arteleza; Stamm, Coincon, Giamarchi, Derbaille, Quebec.

India: Thangaray; Chandra Shekar; S. A. Latif, Kempiah, Yemali Singh; C. Gosnami, Yjusuf Khan, Simon Suner Ray, Balhan.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

Group One

Yugoslavia (0) **3** (Galic 3)
Bulgaria (0) **3** (Kovacec, Jakimov, Debarski)

Yugoslavia: Soskic; Durkovic, Jusufi; Zanetic, Sombolac, Perusic; Kozlina, Maravic, Galic, Knez, Kostic.

Bulgaria: Naydenov; Rakarov, Manolov; Dimitrov, Largov, Kovatchev; Diev, Abadjiev, Jakimov, Debarski.

Turkey (2) **3** (Samim Valcinkaya, Kokian)
Arab Rep. (1) **3** (Rafaat, Kottb 2)

Turkey: Emrullah, Aydogan, Ergun; Suat, Tunacosan, Ertan; Samim, Suleman, Valcinkaya, Bilget, Kokian.

Arab. Rep.: Kolched; Zakiyazen, El Hamouli; Badawi, Alfanaguli, Kottb; El Gohari, Nosseir, Noshi, Rafaat, El Sherbini.

Group Two

Gt. Britain (1) **3** (Brown R. 2, Hasty)
Taiwan (0) **2** (Yiu Chok Yin 2)

Gt. Britain: Pinner; Greenwood, Holt; McKinven, L. Brown, Forde; Lewis, R. Brown, Hasty, Lindsay, Howard.

Taiwan: Lau; Sui Wah, Law Park; Kog Kam Hung, Cham Hung, Lau Tim; Lam Seung Yee, Kong Chi Keung, Lo Kwok Tai, Chau Moon, Yiu Chok Yin, Mok Chun Wah.

Italy (0) **3** (Rossano 2, Rivera)
Brazil (1) **1** (Gersons)

Italy: Alfieri; Burgnich, Trebbi; Tumburus, Salvadore, Trapattoni; Rancati, Ferrini, Fanello, Rossano, Rivera.

Brazil: Carlos; Alberto, Nono; Rubles, Teiseira, Dias; Dari, Wanderley, Paulinho, China, Gersons, Valdir.

Group Three

Denmark (2) **3** (Nielsen F., Nielsen H. 2)
Tunisia (0) **1** (Cherif)

Denmark: From; Andersen, Jensen; Bent, Hansen, Nielsen, F. Nielsen; Pedersen, Trielsen, H. Nielsen, Danielsen, Soerensen.

Tunisia: Khalled; Rouathi, Badi; Meddeb, Mohiedine, Taoufik; Naji, Cherif, Chetali, Touati, Kerrit.

Argentine (1) **2** (Oleniak, Perez)
Poland (0) **0**

Argentine: Periotti; Stauskes, Ginel; Blanco, De Ciano, Diaz; Rando, Zarich, Bonnano, Oleniak, Perez.

Poland: Stefaniszyn; Pala, Wozniak; Strykalsky, Grzybowsky, Zientara; Gadecky, Brychzy, Hachorek, Pohl, Lentner.

Group Four

Hungary (3) **7** (Albert 2, Gorocs 3, Dunai 2)
France (0) **0**

Hungary: Torok; Dudas, Dalnoki; Solymosi, Varhidi, Kovacs III; Pal II, Gorocs, Albert, Dunai, Rakosi.

France: Santoy; Polonia, Philippe; Baratto, Bodin, Arteleza; Stamm, Bordas, Quebec, Ahmed, Loncle.

Peru (1) **3** (Nieri 2, Uribe)
India (0) **1** (Balaraman)

Peru: H. Campos; E. Campos, Boulanger; Carmona, Bielfach, Arguedas; Ruiz, Nieri, Iwasaky, Uribe, Gallard.

India: Thangaraj; Chandrasekhab, Jarnail; Latif, Kenpaiah, Rama Bahadur; P. K. Banderjee, Goswami, Khan, Balaraman, S. Sanderaj.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

Semi-Final

Yugoslavia (0) **1** (Galic)
Italy (0) **1** (Tumburus)

Yugoslavia: Vidinic; Sombolac, Jusufi; Kozlina, Durkovic, Perusic; Zanetic, Matus, Galic, Knez, Kostic.

Italy: Alfieri; Burgnich, Trebbi; Tumburus Salvadore, Trappattoni; Rancati, Rivera, Tomeazzi, Ferrini, Rossano.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

Semi-Final

Denmark (1) **2** (Nielsen H., Nielsen F.)
Hungary (0) **0**

Denmark: From; Andersen, Jensen; Best, Hanssen, Nielsen, F. Nielsen; Pedersen, Trielsen, H. Nielsen, Danielsen, Soerensen.

Hungary: Torok; Dudas, Dalnoki; Solymosi, Varhidi, Kovacs III; Pal II, Gorocs, Albert, Dunai, Rakosi.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

The Final

Yugoslavia 3 (Galic, Matous, Kostic)
Denmark 1 (Nielsen F.)

Yugoslavia: Vidinic; Roganovic, Jusufi; Zanetic, Durkovic, Perusic; Ankovic, Matous, Galic, Knez, Kostic.

Denmark: From; Andersen, Jensen; Hansen, Neilsen (Hans), Nielsen (F.); Pedersen, Trolsen, Nielsen (Harald), Enoksen, Sorensen.

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